

MAKES PLEA FOR THE SPARROW.

Bird Said to Be Active Enemy of Pesticiferous Insects.

Ordinarily, the sparrow is not an insect eater, but it has a most hospitable crop when it comes to the various pests of the flowers. For that reason, among others, the farmer's rose garden suffers small hurt from the various troubles that for long years seemed to infect it. Nowadays, he pays no attention to the red and green spiders and the little green lice that are sure to make their appearance at a critical period in the rose's spring history, for he has come to know that the sparrow will do his work for him more effectively than he could for himself. The sparrow is prompter than the most energetic bill collector, and he cleans the bushes leaf by leaf and bud by bud with the utmost patience and industry. And so with the sweet peas. When their small enemies appear—and they make their appearance with the first buds—the sparrow is waiting for them, and with a cheerful industry worthy of emulation, cleans the vines and tender flower shoots, and puts them in order for those who would otherwise have a great deal of trouble with them, and all the pay he asks for is to build his nest in the gutters or in the eaves, or in the corners of awnings over the windows. And if you don't like the nests in the awnings, you have only to lower and raise them up again—and before you can eat dinner the nests will be replaced more snugly than before. Such is the merit of industry and genuine optimism.—Joel Chandler Harris, in 'Uncle Remus' Magazine.

HOW TURKEY REGULATES AUTOS.

Stringent Provisions Made in the Land of the Sultan.

The following instructions have been issued to the Turkish custom house authorities with regard to the introduction of automobiles into Turkey. The invoice price will be converted into piastres Medjidie at 19, and 15 per cent. will be added for packing and freight, if the freight is included in the invoice only ten per cent. will be added. On this total a discount of ten per cent. will be allowed and the duty will be levied on the remainder. As regards autos in transit, they will be allowed six months to pass through the country. A lead seal will be attached by the customs authorities to a prominent part of the machine, which until further orders, if unprovided with an invoice, will be estimated at a minimum of 25,000 or maximum of 40,000 piastres; on this amount ten per cent. will be taken for duty and only returned, less transit duty of one per cent., when the auto is leaving the country, against presentation of the original receipt given by the customs authorities, on which must figure the name of the proprietor, the builder, the numbers and any distinctive marks on the machine.

Why Bill Was Saved.

George Barnes, a noted evangelist, tells an amusing story of the attempted conversion of a hard-fisted old mountaineer in Kentucky, who had resisted all missionary efforts directed toward him. "Bill" was extremely stubborn, and, in addition, possessed various other unlovely qualities that caused his neighbors much concern. A final attempt was made by a leading citizen to restore "Bill" to the faith of his childhood. "Bill," said this well meaning man, "do you mean to tell me that you ain't teched by the story of the Saviour that died to save your sins?" Whereupon "Bill" demanded aggressively: "Do you try to tell me that Jesus Christ died to save me when he never seed me and never knowed me?" "Bill," responded the neighbor in disgust, "it wuz a durned sight easier fur the Lord to die fur you because he never seed you than if he knowed you as well as we all do."—Rochester Herald.

Some Quaint Notes.

Public school teachers in the foreign quarters of New York sometimes receive quaint notes from their pupils' parents. "Dear Teacher," wrote a Norfolk street mother, "please excuse Stella for be late Turaday. She died Wensday." "Jakey had a bad swelling on his knee. Twice a week he had to go to the dispensary to have it dressed. One day his father dispatched this note of apology: "Dear Teacher, Please excuse Jakey for absent to-day. He has gone to the doctor mit his leg."

World's Largest University.

First place among the universities of the world, in matter of mere numbers, up to last year held by that of Berlin, has now been won by the University of Paris, which had a student body of 16,609 in last summer's semester. A report just presented states that the teaching staff consists of 285 professors and instructors. The faculty of law, by far the largest, had then 7,182 students and found it difficult to cope with the corresponding demands. Medicine had 3,330 students, letters 2,649, sciences 2,147 and pharmacy 1,000.

Going One Better.

"Every ballot must be counted," the first speaker declared. "I agree with the gentleman you have just heard," began one who followed, "but I go so far as to say that in certain emergencies some of them must be counted twice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN ONE DOES BEST WORK.

Time Varies with the Occupations of the Worker.

The records give an average age of 50 for the performance of the master work. For the workers the average is 47 and for the thinkers 52. Chemists and physicians average the average at 41; dramatists and playwrights, poets and inventors follow at 44; novelists give an average of 46; explorers and warriors, 47; musical composers and actors, 48; artists and divines occupy the position of equilibrium at 50; essayists and reformers stand at 51; physicians and surgeons line up with statesmen at 52; astronomers and mathematicians, satirists and humorists reach 56; historians, 57, and naturalists and jurists 58. As may be noted, there is a rearrangement of the order at this time, but the thinkers, as before, and as would naturally be expected, attain their full maturity at a later period than the workers. The corollary is evident. Provided health and optimism remain the man of 50 can command success as readily as the man of 30. Health plus optimism read the secret of success; the one God-given, the other inborn, but also capable of cultivation to the point of enthusiasm.—Century.

TRAGEDY OF TURF RECALLED.

Owner's Sudden Death Just as His Horse Won a Great Race.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Bathynay, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey club stand at Newmarket when he suddenly reeled and fell, says the Westminster Gazette. He was carried to Weatherby's office and doctors were summoned, but the prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite, he breathed his last. A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head," while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galliard's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.

Height of Land, Depth of Sea.

The mean height of all the land now above the sea is referred to by Lyell as being 1,000 feet. The mean depth of the ocean is at least 12,000 feet, that is, it exceeds the height of the land 12 times. This is because the extreme heights of the land, although probably no less than the extreme depths of the sea, yet are exceptional heights, while the ocean maintains its depth over enormous areas.

Owing to the fact that the surface of the ocean to that of the land is as two and a half to one the ocean would accommodate the whole of land 30 times over were it all pitched into the ocean areas.—From Knowledge and Scientific News.

Before His Day of Power.

There is preserved in the archives of Theatre Francais in Paris a card which reads: "Pass the Citizen Bonaparte to this evening's performance of 'Manlius'—Talma." This shows that the Emperor Napoleon, when he was only an olive-complexion Lieutenant of artillery, and had very little money to spend, was very glad of passes to the theater. It is said that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for Talma, a tragedian of that day, in the galleries of the Palais Royal, and that the actor used often to whisper to his companion: "The other way, if you don't mind. I see Bonaparte coming and I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats."

Kinds of Storms.

There is a distinct difference between cyclones, tornadoes and hurricanes. The ordinary windstorms which visit the United States are properly cyclones and they usually come from the northwest or southwest. Hurricanes never come from the southwest, but usually from the south or southeast. The tornado is the most violent of all storms and is characterized by a pendant, funnel-shaped cloud with a rapid rotary motion. It moves in a narrow path at from 15 to 60 miles an hour. The rotary velocity is enormous, being from 100 to 500 miles an hour.

Preparation for Knowledge.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the subject. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are hidden that we can not see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.—Emerson.

"Without."

"I'd like a glass of plain effervescing drink," said a thirsty man. "You haf vanilla, or you haf raspberry?" asked the young woman—a Teuton behind the counter. "I want a plain drink, no favoring—understand me?" responded the thirsty man, testily. "Yes, but vat kind favoring you vant him mitout? Mitout vanilla, or mitout raspberry?"

LEARNED LIFE'S LESSON EARLY.

Mistake of First Day of School Not to Be Repeated.

The state superintendent of public schools of Maine recently recalled a story of his early school life. He distinctly remembered, he said to an audience of Maine "schoolm'ams," his first day in school. It was also his brother's first day, and they occupied seats across the aisle from each other.

It was in the afternoon when the young and pretty teacher came to my seat, placed her hand on my shoulder and asked, "Don't you love me?" I was almost frightened out of my wits, but I managed to look up at her.

"No, ma'am," I replied. She then went to my brother, directly across the aisle, and asked him the same question, to which he replied:

"Yes, ma'am." "You may readily imagine which of us got the raisins from the pudding during that term of school. All that I got I pounded out of my brother.

I forthwith made up my mind that whenever that question was asked me again I would always reply:

"Yes, ma'am."

IN ONE TACTFUL UTTERANCE.

Great Man Broke Up the Most Profound Social Frost.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host, who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner, and was introduced to the party; he made a series of old-fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man, at the conclusion of the ceremony, turned to his host, and said, in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: "What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms! They pour well!" The social frost broke up; the company were delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which every one might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humbled conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects.—Arthur C. Benson, in Putnam's and The Reader.

Awful Example of J. Kohler.

Never was a man confronted with such a weakness as Joe Kohler of New York. He is now in Sing Sing for six years and six months and from Joe's own account he ought to be mighty thankful for it. Every time Joe gets drunk he gets married. He's been drunk four times in the last two years and each time some female landed him high and dry. Not only matrimony stared Joe in the face but what was almost as bad, he was rounded up for bigamy and four of the products of his sprees in the shape of wives came into court to testify against him. He threw up his hands and admitted he was stung. He told the court that his drinking habits were responsible. The court sent Joe to Sing Sing where whisky and women will not bother him for 4½ years.

Figureheads for Autos.

The owners of the most modern vehicles are reviving the custom of the days when automobiles were unthought of, says a writer in Figaro. The fetich or idol which disappeared from the civilized world long ago is coming back, in fact, has already returned, to do duty as a guardian, protector, mascot or whatever you please to call it. The new idol is in shape according to the fancy of the automobile owner, who places it on the front of the machine to prevent accidents and arrest. These figureheads are all grotesque in style, the most popular being an image of a police officer with watch in hand, a barking cur and a crowing rooster.

The Only Basis of Society.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerful conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountability, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.—Channing.

Shocking.

"Where have you been, Clementine?" asked the aunt. "I have been down to the falls playing with the eddies," replied the pretty girl with wet fingers. The old lady was horrified. "What? Playing with the Eddies? And without a chaperon?"

Filled the Bill.

Belle-Jack said I looked so sweet in my new gown he couldn't help kissing me. Maud—Well, the modiste guaranteed the dress would give you satisfaction.—Exchange.

For Engagement Rings.

"Why did you accept George so suddenly after you had refused him only last week?" "Because I read in the papers that diamonds were getting cheaper."

GO TO FARMYARD FOR DRINK.

Maine Nature Story of Unusual Visitors to a Farmyard.

James Tibbetts of the Neck Road, Benton, has been entertaining strange company for several days, says a Kennebec (Me.) correspondent. Recently Mr. Tibbetts went to the barn and turned out his stock. When he stepped into the barnyard a few minutes later to start the water at the pump he was surprised to find a bull and a cow moose apparently waiting for the water.

Mr. Tibbetts went directly to the pump and began raising water for the stock. As the water poured from the spout into the big trough among the first of the animals to reach it were the strangers. Each moose drank its quantity and then slowly walked past the farmer to a low place in the fence where each vaulted over and struck off across the field in the direction of the woods.

Every morning since the creatures have appeared in the barnyard when Mr. Tibbetts has turned on the water. The strange part of the affair lies in the fact that the farm is well watered, by three small brooks which keep running all winter and the Sebasticook river is but a few hundred yards away. It is possible the creatures have discovered something in the brooks and in the river which sets their taste going in another direction, for they are watering regularly at the Tibbetts pump.

The moose have never bothered the cows or the oxen of the Tibbetts herd, and the latter have never apparently paid any attention to the presence of the stragglers.

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT IN STORE.

Robbers' Booty Merely a Large Bunch of "Stage Money."

When Hall McAllister was playing in "Brewster's Millions" in Chicago, he was in the habit of running across the alley during his idle second act, to visit Jack Barrymore, who was playing "The Boys of Company B" in the theater next door.

One night, as he started over, he thought of the \$30,000 in stage money which he must have in the last act, and, to reassure himself, he opened his coat and took the package half out of his pocket. In another minute he found himself pushed hard against the door, the imitation money gone, and two figures disappearing in the darkness.

"I nearly spoiled the play," says McAllister. "I had to give Brewster \$85 in real money and the rest by check. But, after all," he added sympathetically, "perhaps even thugs have families to support."—Success Magazine.

Taken Unaware.

It is likely that the most embarrassed man could be found in a Sixth avenue store, says the New York Times. He was a mild, inoffensive looking man. He stood leaning over the balcony that surrounds the first floor of the store, looking with interest at the crowd below. Presently his eye alighted on a small boy who was being rushed from counter to counter in tow of a very large woman. Just as he looked down at the boy, the boy looked up at him. Instinctively perceiving, with diabolic instinct, what would be his own youthful propensity if he occupied a similar point of vantage, the boy struck a beseeching attitude and called out in imploring accents:

"O, Mister, please, Mister, don't spit on me!"

For a man with no intention of spitting on that particular boy or any one else the situation was certainly awkward, and the man retired in red-faced confusion.

Canes for the Marine Corps.

Of late a practice new in this country has arisen among the men of the marine corps stationed at League Island. Fully half of them now carry canes. Not the usual walkingstick that the civilian carries, but the short two-foot silver-headed bamboo, just like that affected by the English soldier. They can be seen swinging along Market street, flourishing their diminutive canes and looking real English indeed.

American soldiers have been remarkably free from affectations that are practiced by all foreign armies, but the marines, who visit many countries and see all kinds of people, must be expected to absorb some foreign ideas. The fad does not seem to do any harm and it lends a natty appearance to the best dressed branch of the American service.

A Shave Instead of a Loaf.

"I ought to get a shave before I go to the office," said the man who got up late, "but I'm afraid I won't have time. I guess I'll wait till noon."

So many other men who overslept that morning decided to put their shaving off till noon that barber shops in the business district were swamped with customers at luncheon time.

"That's getting to be a common thing," said a boss barber. "The middle of the day used to be a time for loafing, but now we are kept bustling from 12 o'clock till 2."

Hard to Please.

Eminent Statesman—What are the infernal newspapers saying about me now, Chicksey?

Private Secretary—They haven't mentioned your name for a month, senator. Eminent Statesman—Blank dash the newspapers!

EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY.

Little Newsboy Well Rewarded for His Services.

The average newsboy is an accommodating little cuss. An instance of this was noted recently on a busy street corner in front of a big downtown drug store. A fashionable looking woman with a big hat and veil and trimmings had just been into the drug store to buy three or four stamps. For she had letters to mail. When she went to the mail box a serious problem confronted her. How was she going to moisten the stamps without raising her veil? And she had her veil fixed just so. Rather than spoil the precise arrangement of her veil she decided to seek outside aid.

"Here, little boy," she called pleasantly to a small newsie about a rod from her. "Won't you come and let me use your tongue for a moment?"

Of course the boy went, wondering what the catch was.

"Now, just lick this," she said, holding out a two-cent stamp. The boy licked it, and the stamp thus salivated, she stuck it on a letter. Two or three more stamps were treated in the same manner, and all the letters were dropped into the box. Then she handed the boy a dime for his pains.

The boy turned upon two or three others who had been jibing at him. "Easy money, wasn't it?" he retorted. And they all agreed that it wasn't bad.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEGINNING OF HER LIFE'S WORK.

Breaking the Filly for the First Time to Harness.

She was very young to be tried out in harness, but her trainer was holding the ribbons over her nevertheless. She was rearing and plunging all over the place, as far as the checked lines would allow her to go, and her little shoes pawed the air and tried to dig into the concrete for all they were worth. And half a dozen "rail birds" watched the trial trot, never taking their eyes off her and looking daggers at anyone who got between them and the young one.

She happened to be as pretty a little two-year-old lassie as one would find in the five boroughs, and was dressed in a big floppy white hat with a little jacket and skirt of white and red. Her little legs were covered with white stockings and her tiny feet with tan-colored ankle-strap shoes. Her mother kept her safely in spite of her gurgling plunges toward the edge of the subway platform, by the aid of a stout set of red and white harness, with silver bells on the breast strap, that the child wore. And six able-bodied men stood around the lassie in a ring watching her and wearing the cheerfulest grins you could have seen in all the town. She had begun her life work of making victims.—New York Press.

Tiger Shooting Records.

By account for seven tigers with his own gun during a recent shoot in Gwalior Lord Minto, viceroy of India, has accomplished a feat of which the most successful big game shooters might well be proud, although he has not rivaled the sensational performances of a Mr. Walker, who when deputy commissioner at Nimar, actually killed four tigers in ten minutes. P. C. Selous, who has a phenomenal record as a slayer of big game, once brought down three full grown lions in four shots, while his bag included more than a hundred elephants, nearly all of which he shot on foot, and twice as many buffaloes. In four years (1877 to 1880) Mr. Selous killed 100 buffaloes, 20 elephants, 12 lions, and over 500 other big game, ranging from giraffes (18) to zebras and antelopes. Sir Robert Harvey's guns have wrought terrible havoc in many parts of the world, from Africa and India to Iceland.

Eggs for Mr. Griffen.

Eighteen eggs for breakfast as fast as his wife could fry 'em, and then eggs for lunch—boiled, shirred, scrambled—and then 16 eggs for supper, all cooked into one long omelet—that is what John Griffen of Winsted, Conn., hankers after every day this spring. John likes eggs—he's not eating them on a bet, but just because he wants them. John says he has eaten seven young spring chickens in one day, and after his well authenticated egg record it is hardly to be doubted. Griffen says he can eat more eggs at one sitting than any man alive, and the hens on his farm are kept busy trying to cover his appetite. Forty-seven in a day is one notch that Griffen has set for other egg champions to reach, and then he was not half trying, says he. He only eats what he wants, and no more.

Question of Responsibility.

There are 1,181 students at Wellesley, and yet it is stated that only 206 of them go to church on Sundays. They all attend chapel on most of the days required, but they find life too strenuous to get up on Sunday morning to attend church. The girls are said to take more interest in almost anything else than church, but surely some of the fault must lie with the church.

Blind Girl in College.

There is a blind girl in Barnard college who has a reader who takes the notes of lectures, reads them to the blind girl and she transcribes them on her typewriter in the raised type, and studies them at her leisure. This state pays the reader \$300 a year, the state pays the law that every blind student in academical studies has the right to \$300 to be paid to a reader.

LOVER SOMEWHAT TOO HASTY.

Really Had Little Cause to Be Jealous of Youthful Prodigy.

A considerable portion of Parisian society is smiling broadly over the latest escapade of that remarkable boy, Max Darewski, who has been fulfilling an engagement at the Paris Alhambra. Among the ladies who "quashed" over him is a certain young lady who happens to be engaged to a count, a lieutenant of dragons, who is far more interested in his military duties than in society doings. Knowing him to be of a remarkably jealous disposition, one of the count's brother officers began to chaff him about his betrothed's evident infatuation for "young Max Darewski." Mad with rage, the count traveled post haste to Paris and burst in upon the astonished lady, hotly denouncing her for carrying on an intrigue during his absence. Mile A. quickly guessed what had happened, and, angry at being suspected, she refused to offer the count any explanation, with the result that he left more convinced than ever of her guilt, and immediately sent a fiery challenge to young Max. Of course, it was not long before the count was convinced that he had wasted his jealousy on a boy of 11; but Paris is now asking itself whether the engaged couple will make things up again, and what will happen to the count for being absent from his regiment without leave.

INCREASED TRAVEL BY WATER.

Lake Vessels Carry Millions During the Summer Months.

It is often said that the palmy days of travel by river are over, but this remark applies only temporarily to certain streams that do not at this time afford the necessary conditions. Taking the world as a whole, there is more journeying by water than ever before. The figures for last year's passenger traffic on the lakes show that 7,500,000 passengers were carried out of Detroit by boat, 1,900,000 from Chicago, 530,000 from Milwaukee, over 100,000 each from Port Huron, Grand Haven and Marquette, with smaller ports getting a proportionate share. One feature to be noted is the exceptional safety of lake travel. Not a life was lost among the 7,500,000 persons who left Detroit by boat, and passenger casualties were few anywhere on the lakes. The vessels have increased in size until they are almost in the class of ocean liners. They offer roomy berths, cabins and promenade decks, with good food on various plans, and the public comfort and enjoyment are carefully studied. Between some of the chief lake cities excursion steamers of the largest size run daily during the heated period as a means of refreshment to the crowded population, keeping in motion on the water as long a time as possible.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Queer Flying Machines.

"Talking of flying machines," said the French professor, "Jacques de Vaucanson invented in the eighteenth century several flying machines. But they were very little. You may read all about them in D'Alembert and in the Biographie Universelle. One was a fly that would start from Vaucanson's hand, circle around a room and return to its starting point again. Another was a pigeon that made circles in the air of 100 yards diameter. "Vaucanson's automatons were incredible. His best was a duck. The bird waddled about, and when it came to grain, picked it up and swallowed it. It muddled water with its beak as ducks always do, quacked and swam. He made snakes that hissed, swallowed frogs, crawled on the ground and coiled about your arm. All his secrets died with him. Otherwise we'd have been flying long ago."

Few Desertions from German Army.

"Desertions in the German army are almost unknown," said Maj. Wackwitz of Saxony, an officer in the Kaiser's army. "The discipline in the German army, as is well known, is perhaps the most rigorous of any in the world, but there is rarely a thought of deserting."

"This is due largely, I suppose, to the fact that service in the army of Germany is compulsory. It is part of every man's life, just as school education is. Boys are taught in school to obey, and in later life, when they enter the army, discipline is so instilled into their minds that there is never a thought of disobeying orders. "Dueling, once so common in Germany, is now a thing of the past. One never hears of the code of honor any more."

New Work for Women.

A new corporation for women is that of visiting librarians, young women to go about from one private house to another, keeping the library in order, seeing that the books are properly dusted, in their right places and conveniently catalogued. This young woman might also interest herself in preparing bookplate designs for those wishing to add this pretty feature to their books. While many persons base the bookplate upon some family crest or scroll, others prefer something entirely original, and preparing designs is most interesting work.

Wild Birds Unmolested.

The National Association of Audubon societies in New York is congratulating itself that the feathers on hats this year are for the most part made of the feathers of barnyard fowls. Turkey feathers play an important part in the decoration of the hats, and this is something to be thankful for.