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They intend to make the opening and closing of flowers, expanding the circle at the word "open," and contracting them at the word "shut," singing a happy refrain all the while:

Open! Open!

Which is the flower that's open?

You thought so, but now it is shut.

Shut! Close! Shut!

Which is the flower that's shut?

You thought so, but now it expands.

—Sir Edwin Arnold's "Sea and Land."

Some one has said that to all the Japanese games she has watched she has never seen or heard an angry look or cross word or even the children tease and quarrel among themselves. Every one is gentle and friendly in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

The children keep and carefully feed large grasshoppers in cages made of split bamboo, and carry so tame that they will feed from the hand, are kept in many of the garden pools. In one place the Japanese have a custom of buying small captive birds, shrike tortoises and setting them free into the woods or water. In the picture you see two Japanese girls pattering some little creatures back into their native element, and a man who has just bought two birds from their peasant captor is letting them go from the bamboo cage to fly back to the flowery forest.

Life and Soul.

"There's a baby moon tonight."

"O'er the moon in tones of gloom."

"It gives such a pretty light."

"Tim and Tiny, come and see!"



"It can see us, I suppose."

"Though it lives so far away."

"They do you think it is?"

"We were naughty girls today!"

"Tiny's cheeks grow rosy red."

"Then she cries triumphantly—"

"Bending low her golden head—"

"Baby moon, 'on tae' find me!"

"To Cotton To."

"To cotton to," meaning to like, to take to, to agree with, is often looked upon as a vulgarism, sometimes even as a modern Americanism. Bartlett includes it in his dictionary. But this common colloquialism, still in use on both sides of the Atlantic, is a survival of a respectable English word. It is found occasionally in the Elizabethan writers, but the earliest example in literature is probably the following, from Thomas Drant's translation of Horace (1567):

So feyneth he; things true and false
So always minglieth he,
That first with midst, and midst with last.

—LAWSON.

Thousands of flying fish.

When the North German Lloyd steamer Hermann unloaded on Saturday twenty large bundles shrouded in white cloth were carefully lifted from the hold and placed on the dock. From each bundle came a chorus of angry twitterings and chirpings and much fluttering of wings. The bundles were loaded on a truck and were taken to the store of a bird fancier in William street. There they were unloaded and the cloths removed. Each bundle contained 253 little wooden bird cages, each with a canary bird in it. Immediately every one of the 5,040 birds stretched its little yellow throat in an effort to outstrip its neighbor. They caroled and trilled as merrily as if they were looking out on green heath and a blue sky instead of a muddy highway half obscured by a drive of wet snow. Three men undertook the task of giving the birds grain and water, and the operation consumed the major part of a day.

The canaries are of three grades—the \$2.50 birds, the \$5 birds, and the \$10 birds. The ordinary birds are worth \$2.50. A large fine bird, or one of particularly handsome coloring, brings twice that price, while a distinguished vocalist will bring \$10. All the birds are males and singers. They come from Germany, where they are bred in large numbers. It is probable that all of the 5,000 birds will be sold within a few weeks. This is the busy time in the canary market, and within the past week more than 10,000 of these birds have arrived classed as live stock.—New York Sun.

A Kangaroo Boxer.

An exhibition of boxing of an unusual character has been secured by the management of the Royal Aquarium. Professor Landerman, an Australian pugilist, will box a Kangaroo seven feet high. It is said that the kangaroo boxes scientifically and hits harder than the ordinary pugilist. The exhibition appears to have been given in Melbourne and Sydney—the combatants being so severely mauled that some were in hospital for months afterward. Professor Landerman and the kangaroo came over from Australia in the Ormus.

John L. Sullivan, although challenged, refused to fight, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was so amused and taken with the exhibition at the Criterion, Sydney, as to offer £1,000 for the animal.—London News.

Advice to the Office Seekers.

We see no impropriety in making applications for office on the part of all who desire it, but we believe there is a possibility of the thing being overdone. None of these petitions will be considered until after March 4. Therefore there is plenty of time in which to make applications.

During Mr. Cleveland's last administration he dispensed the public patronage through the members of the senate and the house.

If he pursues his former policy he will, as a general thing, appoint to office from this state such men as are recommended by the delegation to congress, and we do

not think that he will ever see a letter of application for public office.—Atlantic Constitution.

A Growsome Relic.

The scaffold upon which John Brown was hanged in Harper's Ferry has arrived at Washington for shipment to the World's fair. The timbers are in a good state of preservation, though they have served the purposes of a porch to the residence of a son of the man who built the scaffold. The gallows itself is a plain, substantial affair, which would attract little attention apart from its history. The timbers are evidently pine, although they have been painted over at some later period to preserve them. The two uprights are big beams six inches square, and the crossbar is in proportion. Even the screws with which it was put together have been preserved. John Brown was hanged on Dec. 2, 1859.—Boston Journal.

Wanted to See His Wife.

Alliterative Rufus Reed is in the Cumberland county jail, and how he happened to be there is funny enough. Rufus' wife, Lizzie Reed, was arrested and sent to jail on Tuesday for drunkenness. Rufus endured the cruel separation for a few days, then filled up and went down to the jail to see Lizzie. He created a great scene at the jail and after a mighty struggle was jammed into a cell. He was brought before the police court the next day in a battered condition, and will get out of jail at about the time that Lizzie comes forth.—Lewiston Journal.

They Desire No Presents.

The king of Italy has issued a proclamation, stating that it is the wish of the queen and himself that no money should be spent on presents for them in honor of their silver wedding day, but that any money collected should be devoted to charity. The king and queen will celebrate their silver wedding on April 22, 1893. The German emperor and empress have accepted an invitation to the festivities.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Eighty Elopes with Fifteen.

Ezekiel Morrow, eighty years old, passed through Evergreen, Ala., with a girl of fifteen he claims as his wife. They were eloping, they said, from his home near here to Texas because Mr. Morrow's children and grandchildren objected to the marriage.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

A Strange Wild Animal.

A queer wild animal was killed in an Indiana town a short time ago. According to reports, it seemed to be a cross between a badger and a ground hog, with a white face, powerful legs and claws, and a long pointed nose.

An Echo of the Football Season.

There is one doctor in Philadelphia who has on his list thirty cases of injury at football, and they are nearly all cases requiring surgical treatment.—Philadelphia Times.

Sanctimonious Stories.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Charles Chandler, a botanist, who was engaged in the horticultural department at the World's fair, met a horrible death in the Masonic temple. He fell from the fifteenth story to the basement, his body being mangled almost beyond recognition.

McAuliffe Disburses Myer.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Billy Myer and Jack McAuliffe boxed six rounds at the second regiment armory. McAuliffe showed his superiority in every round, and had his antagonist completely at his mercy when the fight ended. There was no referee and no decision.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

The deep sea lies dreaming by the shore, And up the rugged grassy steep The fisher folk bring home once more. Their harvest gathered from the deep. Like ripened plains at summer tide, Their corn fields gleam the waters wide.

For wife and home and nestling child, They travel on the trackless sea. The smile that is at parting smiled May be a life's last memory— The accents of a farewell word May be the latest ever heard.

When on the sea of life I sail, With weary longings and regret, If all my countless efforts fail I must not fail to cast my net, Waiting till one perchance comes nigh To show me where the fishes lie.

—Arthur L. Salmon in Good Words.

Christmas Dinner

without a Bottle of Our

California 'Carte Blanche'

CHAMPAGNE

WOULD BE INCOMPLETE.