

## QUEEN SHAPED NESTS

### Beetles That Build Their Homes in Shape of a Cigar.

Among beetles there are, says a naturalist who has been recently studying them, a few families which spend much of their time in constructing novel nurseries for their little ones. A nursery of this kind looks at a distance like a cigar hanging from a tree, but it is really a number of leaves which have been rolled by a beetle into the shape of a cigar.

In doing this work the little insect displays remarkable intelligence, for each leaf is rolled deftly and carefully, and nowhere in the hollow interior is there even a tiny hole to be seen. There is not a bird's nest to be found which is more carefully constructed than one of these beetle's nests.

The so-called birch tree beetles excel at work of this kind. Beetles which infest vineyards also roll leaves in like manner, but, owing to the size and shape of the leaves of the vine,



rarely succeed in doing very artistic work. Moreover, they do not join the leaves together by means of a sort of glue, as is the custom of the birch tree beetles, but use instead a cotton fibre, which they gather from the buds on the vines.

Other beetles closely akin to these do not roll leaves in this manner, and, on the other hand, there are beetles of quite different families which frequently make such nests. An example of the former kind is the shoe tree beetle, which lays its eggs on the fruit of this tree, and as an example of the latter kind is the nut tree beetle, which also rolls leaves into the shape of a cigar, but not in quite the same manner as the birch tree beetle.

The reason why it works differently is because it is differently constructed. A very curious insect it is, with a red body, a very long neck and a head which is so small that it is almost invisible. Under these conditions it is naturally difficult for it to grasp a leaf and roll it into a circular form, as the birch tree beetle does. Still, it does the work after its own fashion, and though hardly as faultless a structure as the birch tree beetle's, a very neat piece of work it is.

## What Ozone Is.

Many people talk about ozone without so much as knowing what ozone is. There is a prevalent idea that it is something you get at the sea and that it is good for the lungs. What that something is, however, few people have sufficient curiosity to inquire. Ozone is what chemists call an allotropic form of oxygen—that is to say, it is oxygen in a highly active and concentrated condition. In ordinary pure air ozone exists, but only in what chemists call "traces"; larger amounts are found in ocean and mountain air. It instantly disappears when brought in contact with decaying matter, dissipating itself, as it were, in the act of oxidizing that matter.

Ozone is known to occur more plentifully during thunderstorms, and we have of course, the analogy of its being artificially produced from oxygen by electrical discharges in the laboratory. On the body ozone is believed to act as a stimulant, hence the popular notion of its beneficial effects as experienced by the sea, but in any greater amount than mere traces it is a violent irritant. One authority goes the length of asserting that it is doubtful whether it is beneficial to animal life at all.

## Curious Experiments With Eggs.

Some interesting experiments with eggs were recently made in Germany, the object being to ascertain the best method of preserving them.

Four hundred fresh hen eggs were subjected to the action of different substances for a period of eight months. At the end of that time it was found that the eggs which had been put into salt brine were all spoiled, that eighty per cent of those which had been wrapped in paper were bad, and that a like percentage of those which had been immersed in a mixture of glycerine and salicylic acid were unfit for use.

Of the eggs which had been rubbed with salt, or imbedded in bran, or coated with paraffin, seventy per cent were spoiled; of those subjected to a coat of liquid glass, collodion or varnish, forty per cent; and of those which had been placed in wood ashes or had been painted with a mixture of liquid glass and boric acid, or a solution of permanganate of potash, only twenty per cent were bad.

Almost all the eggs that had been coated with vaseline, or had been placed in lime water, or in a solution of liquid glass, were in good condition.

## Mr. Whistler and the Misfit Hat.

"The most picturesque figure in American art to-day is James Abbott McNeill Whistler," writes Lillian Daynes Griffin in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He lives in England, and no end of stories concerning his eccentricities circulate there."

"While he was trying on a hat in a London shop one day a customer rushed in and, mistaking him for a clerk, exclaimed: 'I say, this 'at does not fit!'"

"The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied scornfully: 'Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers.'"

## Coinage of Cents.

At the United States mints 66,838,700 bronze cents were coined last year—a larger number than was produced during any previous twelve-month.

## STORY OF A FLAG

### The Story of the Flag Which Was the Chief of the Samoa Islands.

Soon after Judge Chambers, who is now a member of the Spanish War Claims Commission, was sent to Samoa by President Cleveland he attended one of the great gala festivities and feasts so famous among the natives of these Pacific islands. These feasts are never to be forgotten by those who once attend. The natives come from many miles around the islands. Most of them reach Apia, where the feasts take place, in boats. Sometimes there are over 600 boats, with from two to eighty-four oars each, and containing persons enough to fill them. The scene is one of the most picturesque to be found in any part of the world. Before the feasts boat races and aquatic sports take place in the harbor of Apia, and up to the time the islands were partitioned the representatives of the foreign governments were interested spectators, and the natives considered the presence of the foreigners a great and important honor.

The feasts might be called picnics, for they are held in the open air, but instead of pies, pickles, cakes, sandwiches and lemonade, the customary refreshments at picnics, the natives kill and roast hundreds of pigs, geese, chickens and other fowls, besides having many varieties of fish. Some beautiful grove is the only table, and the ground where the food is spread is covered with the rich green leaves of the banana tree. The greatest hospitality is always evidenced, the natives paying special attention to their guests. At the conclusion of the feast it is the custom to divide the remaining food among the people, it being proportioned according to position—the higher a man stands the larger the amount of left-over food he has sent to his home. In this, as during the course of the feast, there is the greatest precision in the management. At no time is there a scramble. The occasion is a delightful one to people unaccustomed to it.

"All the native chiefs bring flags of some kind when coming to the feasts and take the greatest care of them," said Judge Chambers in describing a Samoan feast to a group of friends the other day. "They are fond of any kind of flag. Those chiefs who cannot secure the flags of nations use fancy pieces of cloth and fatted garments. He is a poor man and unimportant chief who does not own a flag. Looking out on the beautiful scene in the harbor of Samoa on this gala day that I have spoken of I noticed a boat flying a flag that I could not make out. I took a glass and saw what I thought was a Confederate flag. I could not believe it possible, however, and waited until the boat came nearer. Then I saw plainly that it was a genuine flag of the Confederacy. I naturally was greatly interested and sent one of my servants to ask the chief to come to see me."

"When he came I began questioning him about the flag, but he would give me no information. He was a man of good features and was apparently a chief of consequence in his neighborhood. I, of course, wanted to get possession of the flag, and did not suppose that I would have the least trouble in doing so, particularly as the natives were fond of exchanging flags."

"I offered the chief a flag of the United States for his Confederate flag. He said quietly that he could not make the exchange. I then offered him a new flag of England or of Germany. He refused these also and I suspected that he was trying to drive a shrewd bargain with me. I next offered him a bolt of cloth worth considerable money, and when he refused that I offered him a barrel of meat, the most tempting and costly thing in the mind of a native. As nothing could induce him to make the exchange I asked him his reasons for refusing."

"In reply he said that one day long ago a white man came to his hut. He supposed the man had come from Apia. He had several bundles in his possession and preserved them with the utmost care. The stranger, the chief told me, was a man of great dignity and of an amiable disposition. The natives soon came to love him, much and took pleasure in providing him with every delicacy they could obtain. The chief himself became deeply attached to him and when the white man's health began to fail there was universal regret among the natives. When the stranger saw that his end was near he called the chief to him and directed that one of the bundles in his possession be opened. Then there was displayed a beautiful silken flag, but worn by handling."

"See that flag?" said the stranger; "well, it was the flag of my nation—a great people. It went down in defeat, but I decided that it should never be surrendered. So I left home, kinsmen and friends and came here with it. I am going to give it to you. Never let a white man have it in his hands." "That was the dying injunction of the stranger and the chief had sworn that the flag should always remain with him. He had made his tribe swear to keep it and never part with it; that when he died the succeeding chief should take it and bury it where no human being would ever find it."

"The chief's story was told in simple, but affecting words. I made many other offers to secure the flag, but he was firm to the end and went away that afternoon with the flag in his boat. I instituted some inquiries later and sent several trusted natives to the chief's home to make offers, but they were unsuccessful."

"When I came back to this country, and told the story to some Confederate friends they agreed to take steps to recover the flag if possible. Some years later they began a systematic effort, but the old chief had passed away, the flag had disappeared and the members of the tribe would give no information as to its whereabouts."—Washington Evening Star.

## ROGER AND THE KNIGHTS

### How the Captain Went to the Castle Carrying the Little Message.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Roger. He tried to be a very good boy, and help his mother and father by doing many little things. This little boy lived in a cottage at the foot of the hill. At the top of the hill was a beautiful big stone castle and who do you think lived there? Yes, the knights. Now the knights were great, good men who had made a vow. And their vow or promise was this: they were to love and protect anything weaker than themselves. These good men were obliged to go out at any time they might be called upon to help others in trouble.

You know that the policemen and firemen go out at any time, day or night, and so did these brave people. They wore suits of armor like the soldiers and from their bright caps flowed a long beautiful plume, and so you could tell them from a great distance by their glistening caps and armor. But best of all were the beautiful horses they rode and each knight loved and cared for his own horse before he thought of himself.

Now this little boy—Roger—had often watched them go galloping by and he often thought that he too would like to be a knight. "I can do a great deal, I can try to be good. Yes, I'd like to be a knight. Oh! I wonder if I shall ever be able to ride a horse and have a cap with a beautiful plume in it"—was what the little boy said.

One day Roger saw the knights ride by and he kept watching for their return. At noon they had not come and Roger asked his mother if she did not think they would be very thirsty after their long journey and would want a drink of water. She thought perhaps they would, so he went to the well and got a nice cool cup of water and sat down on a little stone fence to wait. Very soon the first knight came along. He looked very tired and his plume was dusty and drooping. Roger said, "Sir Knight, would you like a drink of water?" "Yes, thank you," he said, but first before he helped himself he brought a drink to his tired, thirsty horse. "You are a fine little man and some day perhaps you will be a knight." "Oh," said Roger, "I want to be one very much." Then the knight took off his hat and made a bow and Roger thought, "How very polite he is to me."

Then the second knight rode up and Roger gave him a drink but he noticed that this knight, too, gave a drink to his horse first, then drank himself, thanked Roger, made a bow and rode away. Roger gave a drink to the third and fourth and fifth and each of them helped his weary horse, before he thought of himself—and then they rode up to the castle.

Then Roger ran in and told his mother what he had done and she said she was very glad he was such a thoughtful boy. After that the knights always got a drink of water from Roger, and they began to look for him. One day, Roger's father took Dolly, the horse, to the blacksmith's shop to be shod. While the blacksmith was busy with Dolly, one of the knights drove up and said: "I am in a great hurry, will you shoe my horse right away? There is a poor woman and her child in trouble, away over the mountains. We have just heard of it."

"But you see I am busy," said the blacksmith, "and you will have to wait until I have finished with this horse."

When Roger's father heard this he said, "Oh, shoe his horse and let mine wait."

Then the knight began to talk to him and said, "It must be your little boy who gives us the drink of water. He is a fine boy and some day I hope he will be a knight."

Some years after, one of the knights came to Roger's house. Now all this time Roger had been growing up, tall and strong, and had been helping his mother and trying in every way to be worthy to be called a knight. The knights talked with Roger's father and the father and mother talked it over together. Roger could not imagine what it all meant.

At breakfast his father said, "Would you like to go and live with the knights? They have been here and they want you to come and live in the castle. You will have to sleep in a little room all alone at the very top of the tower."

"Oh yes, I am willing," said Roger. So the arrangements were made, and it was decided that Roger could go home every Saturday night, and stay with his parents until Monday. So enough his room was at the top of the tower and he had an iron bed, but there was no fire and no water up there.

After a time, the knights gave him a pony for his very own, and he had to learn to take care of it. One night there was a great pounding at the castle door and Roger wondered what could be the matter. Finally a knight came to his room and asked him if he would take a very important letter to the king. It was a very dark night and he had to cross a stream. But Roger said he knew it was dark, yet he wanted to try. He took the letter to the king in safety and on his way home, just as he was about to cross the stream, he heard a faint, little cry. He listened, and heard it again. He was so tired and sleepy that he said "I have been to the king and I am so weary that I cannot go back," then he thought of his vow and all that it meant, and quickly went back. He found a little dog that some persons had been tossing into the water, and laughing at him when he tried to swim back. But the dog was so tired now, that he could not swim any more. Roger took the dog in his arms wrapped him up and started for home.

Next morning he told the knight about it and said, "Please let me keep him, Sir Knight. Don't send him away." At last Roger grew to be a big, strong, brave knight and helped everyone so much that he was made leader of all the knights in all the cities.

Small Boy—Papa, do they kill more dogs in Chicago than anywhere else in the United States?

Papa—That's what they say, but it doesn't seem like it when you ride in the street cars there.

## THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

### How the Mother in the Nursery Room of the Little Boy.

Now you see how the mother in the nursery room of the little boy. The nursery should be made a place of beauty to the little ones. Instead of half-worn and cast-off furniture it should be furnished with an entire new set. Oak furniture is never expensive and is bright and cheerful in a living room.

One of the prettiest adjuncts to a child's room is a picture screen. Make the screen of plain blue or red denim on a light wood frame and fasten the pictures on it with small brass paper clips. Every child has its own collection of photographs and picture cards, and when these are arranged artistically the effect is dainty.

A toy closet with ample shelf room is another requisite of the nursery. The children should be taught that this closet must be kept in order, or it will soon show an accumulation of litter. A weekly renovating will keep it fairly clean.

If there are cushions in the nursery, they should have good strong covers of denim, fastened on by buttons and button-holes so that they can be readily removed and laundered when soiled.

The draperies for the small toilet tables, curtains, etc., should be of fine white muslin capable of enduring innumerable washings. It is well to have two sets if possible, so that they may be changed every week or so and kept in spotless cleanliness.

These exercises for women, if followed, will develop the muscles and improve the health and strength. In the correct standing position the weight of the body rests principally upon the balls of the feet. See figure No. 1. The chest is held in advance of the abdomen, and should be raised as high as possible.

Figure No. 2 shows the proper poles for walking. The weight of the body is transferred alternately from one foot to the other with a conscious sensation at first of lifting the body at the chest.

To sit correctly (see No. 3) never bend at waist, sitting upon the spine. Keep the chest raised, carry the lower part of the body back upon the seat with the spine erect. Sway backward and forward for ease and grace of motion, but do not depress the chest.

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No. 4 shows how to bend for grace. Stretch the arms high above the head and carry them outstretched, as indicated by dots, to the floor. Relax the head and double down upon the body below the ribs—thigh going downward. In arising to position allow the arms to hang at the side relaxed. Lift the chest, then the head, with a graceful, arching movement. Relax the neck, bend backward slowly, then rise in position.

To free the muscles of the sides raise the right arm and curve it over the head, with the wrist relaxed. Bend the body to the left, with the left foot and leg forward (figure No. 5) and the left arm fully relaxed. Raise to position. Reverse, doing the same with the other side of the body. This exercise should be taken carefully, going over as far as the ribs and hip bones will permit and rising to position very slowly.

## The Month to Marry In.

Some curious secrets as to matrimony are seen in the following statistics: May and November are the most marrying months. Fewer people are married in March than in any other month. When bachelors marry widows the widow is generally the older; but when widowers marry maids the maid is usually the younger.

## An Old Recipe Revived.

Here is a cure for love: Take two ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two grains of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large swirl of time and three quarts of cooling water of consolation. Set them over a gentle fire of love and sweeten with the sugar of melancholy. When cooled skim with the spoon of forgetfulness and cork it in the bottom of your heart. Take it in small doses when the spells come on. In extreme cases marriage is the only and surest cure.

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