

MOCKING BIRDS AS DANCERS.

Queer Performances They Sometimes Go Through in the Woods.

The power of the mocking bird to amuse folks is not confined to its abilities as a rich-voiced singer. The more birds are studied the more the students wonder what they can do. Birds with some marked characteristics are sometimes neglected in other respects than its peculiarity, and so it happens that the mocking bird is better known as an imitative singer than as an original one, and that it was a dancer as much almost as a heron or crane, few were aware.

I. W. Blake writes to the Popular Science Monthly, and tells about the mocking bird as a dancer. The mocking birds dance methodically, like woodsmen in a square dance, rather than with the gyrations of a dorky boogie-woogie. They keep their bodies stiff, with head and tails erect, their wings drooping and feathers flattened out, something like the English sparrow when hopping about before its sweetheart; but the sparrow's feathers are thrown out usually instead of being flattened against the body.

Two of the mocking birds make a set, and they bound along, jumping rather high but not far, going from one end of the playground to the other, one behind the other about a foot, and each one at the end of the playground turns in a circle slowly and with dignity, and goes back again. Sometimes they stop and look at some distant object, day-dreaming, apparently, then away they go again.

Mr. Blake tells about a hen that was disturbed by the actions of a pair of mocking birds in their dance, whereupon she left her brood of chicks and charged the couple with clucks and fluttering feathers. Up went the mocking birds with true mocking bird talk, scolding and sputtering at the hen until they fairly drove her away.

She Killed the Bear.

A party of Philadelphia sportsmen hunting deer in the wild portion of Clearfield County, in the centre of the mountains of Pennsylvania, were hurriedly called out one morning by the guide, who had discovered two bucks a few miles away. Hastily starting, the men did not carry a large supply of ammunition, and what they had was all used or wasted in bagging the deer. Starting back to camp, they encountered a bear, and as they could not shoot they all ran, each going in a different direction.

The bear chased the guide, and he took the direct course towards the camp log house, where his wife was preparing a meal. With a yell he dashed into the house and up into the loft. His wife ran out of the back door, closed it, and as the bear had gone inside, she hurried around, closed the front door and made the bear a prisoner.

The intrepid woman then tied a dog to a pole, thrust the howling canines through the door and thus coaxed the bear out. As bruin appeared she struck him with an axe and killed him at the first blow.

One of the hunters commented on her manner of fishing for a \$50 bear with a dog worth \$150, but the woman retorted: "We generally shoot 'em, but we never runs from 'em."

Origin of the Term "Straw Hat."

The origin of the familiar phrases "straw hat" and "a man of straw" is a most curious one. It dates back two hundred years, when the practice of entering worthless bail was common. The exact methods have not been transmitted to posterity, but in several old English works is to be found reference to them. In one of these—Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," the thief-catcher—we read that Jonathan's aunt married a man "who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had also the remarkable honor of walking in Westminster Hall with a straw in his shoe." It seems that at one time when English lawyers wished to procure witnesses with elastic consciences, or men who would go bail for their clients, they went into Westminster Hall, into which the principal courts of law opened, and there would quickly recognize the men they wanted by glancing at their shoes, from which protruded a straw or two, thus indicating their calling. Because of this trade mark, so to speak, these professional witnesses or bail-goers became known as "men of straw," or ones who were willing for a consideration to enter "straw bail."

The Prevention of Sunstroke.

In hot weather a knowledge of every precaution which can be adopted to prevent an attack of heat apoplexy is of the highest value, says the British Medical Journal. A timely hint from our Australian colonies has not been opportunely reported. It appears that during January, when 300 persons died of sunstroke, the colonial government asked the medical board to issue appropriate instructions for the avoidance of this grave disease. The board is stated to have declared that of all predisposing causes, undue indulgence in intoxicating liquor is the most common and the most dangerous. Further, that during the attack it is dangerous to employ intoxicants as a remedy. We cordially endorse this opinion. In many cases sunstroke has practically been alcoholic stroke and in other cases an ill-fated resort to alcohol therapeutically has endangered the sufferer's life. Even by the abstinent, under extreme heat conditions it is essential that such common-sense precautions as the wearing of appropriate clothing, of light, non-radiating headgear, and moderation of exertion should be adopted. Undoubtedly castles paribus, the strictly abstinent have the least risk of heat apoplexy.

Starboard and Larboard.

The words "starboard" and "larboard," as used in the nautical vocabulary, are from the Italian words *quarta borda*, meaning "this side," and *quella borda*, "that side." Aforementioned, these two phrases appear as *starborda* and *laborda*, and by corruption of languages was soon rendered "starboard" and "larboard" by the English sailors. These two words sound so much alike that many errors occurred causing serious accidents; so years ago an order of the admiralty discontinued the use of "larboard" and substituted "port."

SEEKING BY WILL.

Establishment of Electricity as a Problem.

Will it ever be possible to enable the persons who speak with each other by telephone to see one another at the same time, as "in a glass, darlings," perhaps, but still "face to face"? Will it ever be feasible for a man in London to see opera in La Scala, or the falls of Niagara or the Feast of Lanterns in Canton without stirring from home? It is a captivating idea, and, although we cannot pronounce with certainty, there is a good deal to be said in favor of the possibility of its realization.

To begin with, it is known that light is merely a form of energy, or, as the late Prof. Tyndall would call it, a "mode of motion." It is, in fact, a wave-like motion in the luminiferous ether, which is understood to permeate all bodies. The waves resemble those set up in water when a stone is dropped into it; that is to say, they are transverse rays, the particles of water rising and falling alternately across the line on which the waves travel. In this respect light differs from sound, in which particles of air conveying the sound vibrate to and fro along the course of propagation of the sound.

Now it has been found of late years that waves similar to those of light in all but size can be set up in the luminiferous ether by oscillatory discharges of electricity, and there is growing evidence to show that some well known effects of electricity are the result of wave motions in the ether of the same kind as those of light.

If, therefore, we could find a means of transforming the waves of light into corresponding electric waves and transmit these to a distance by wire, or even without wires, then retransform them back again into light, the problem would be solved. The progress of electrical research appears to tend in that direction.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Wordsworth—and a Comment.

The other day it was my good fortune to lunch in the company of several poets of fame and repute, says a writer in the *Lady's Pictorial*. There was present at this delectable and memorable banquet one of the most charming and witty American women that the world has known. The poets were recording various good stories, and one of them related a tale he had heard of the poet Wordsworth by one who had known him intimately. It seems that this bard was in the habit of writing at night and in the early morning, and that he used to rouse his wife, and exclaim, about four o'clock, "Ma is, get up! I ha, I thought of a good word!" Whereupon his obedient helpmate arose and recorded it upon paper. About an hour after a new inspiration would seize upon the poet, and he would call out, "Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!" We listened to this story with admiration, but the bright-eyed American remarked, with a wave of the red rose in her hand, "Well, if he'd been my husband, I should have said, 'Wordsworth, get up! I've thought of a bad word!'"

Protects Cyclist's Eyes.

A neat little device has been invented and patented by E. D. Atwater, of Cleveland, especially for the protection of cyclists from the annoyance of dust, sun or wind. It consists of a very simple attachment fastened to be fastened upon the inner side of the rider's cap. This small metal support, when in use, projects downward to a point just between the eyebrows of the wearer. Upon the lower extremity is a small clip to hold the eyeglasses, which are supplied with the outfit, and which are replaced by the rider's own lenses, if he is troubled with disordered optics. When not in use the invention folds back under the visor. Slight y darkness or smoked glass affords ample protection from the glare of the sun.

The strong point in this invention lies in the fact that, whether the glasses be worn for protection or from necessity, they stay where they are put and do not jolt off. They cannot come off unless the cap comes off with them.

Heraldry.

In all civilized foreign nations a knowledge of heraldry is considered by many an important element in higher refinement and culture; in earlier days, according to Thackeray, it "formed part of the education of most noble ladies and gentlemen." In architecture, literature and fine art, heraldry is a powerful adjunct, and the correct application of its rules is just as surely required as other details of such work. Even trifling attention to the rudimentary laws of this great science might have prevented many blunders, unfortunately but too indelibly recorded through the indifference or ignorance of architects, authors and artists. This, alas is especially the case in America, and the necessity for some law and order has become apparent. That we have had a recognized heraldry almost from the date of the country's settlement cannot be denied; and, though its precepts have long been disobeyed, the time has arrived when people begin to recognize this fact and seek instruction upon the subject.

What Asphalt Is.

"What is asphalt?" This is a question often asked of late. It is a bituminous limestone in which carbonate of lime and pure mineral bitumen are most intimately combined by nature, the proportions varying from 7 per cent. bitumen and 93 per cent. carbonate of lime. It is found in seams like coal and mined in the same way. Heated on a hot plate it falls to pieces. Bitumen, the principal ingredient of asphalt, is an exact synonym of mineral pitch. The terms "asphalt" and "bitumen" have sometimes been used as interchangeable, but such is a misapprehension. Bitumen and pitch might be so used, but asphalt stands alone. Asphalt is found in France in several places, in Italy, in Sicily and near Hanover, Germany. Sandstone impregnated with bitumen is found in Kentucky, Utah, California and in Spain. The chief source of mineral bitumen is in the British island of Trinidad, West Indies, but there are other supplies in various places.

THE A TO Z OF HISTORY.

A for the Anchor that's weighed at last;
B for the Bremen that bears them fast;
C for Columbus who stands at the prow;
D for the Dream that lights his brow;
E for the Earth as his mind's a ball;
F "The Flat" said the sage of all.
G for the Grant, sought vainly and far;
H for the Hope that was still his star;
I Isabella, whose striving we bless;
J for her Jewels that promised success;
K for the Kindness that graced her crown;
L for the Light of her long renown.
M for the Mutiny planned on the barque;
N for the Night so despairing and dark;
O is for "Onward!"—great Christopher's cry.
P for his Purpose to do or to die;
Q for the Quest, so long and so dear;
R the Reward that was now so near.
S for the Shout that went up at morn;
T for the Triumph o'er doubt and scorn;
U for Uplifting the flag on the shore;
V for the Voyage renowned evermore.
W the Watchword of noble desire;
X for "Xenon"—blower and higher;
Y little reason is plainly for you.
Z is the Zeal that will carry you through.
—E. S. B., in *Youth's Companion*.

TRAINED MONKEYS.

"It has taken eighteen months to train them; but they are worth \$150 a week to me now. Corbett is the stockiest of the two, but Fitzsimmons is the most wily and agile, so he gets ahead of him sometimes."

"Here, Fitz!" handing that personage a banana, "Give Corb a piece," and the monkeys partook of the dainty while the attendant fastened a red sash around the waist of one and a blue sash around the other.

"Put their gloves on now," directed the trainer and the plethoric boxing gloves were fitted on the quaint little hairy paws upturned to receive them. Odd enough the pair looked thus armed and equipped for the fight, the thin gauge sweaters covering their brawny chests and arms, the white knee pants fitting close and allowing a liberal display of hairy legs. The boxing gloves gave a formidable air to their appearance, and the gay sash knotted about the waist imparted a touch of festivity.

"What part do they take?" was asked in allusion to two grave-looking monkeys attired in gray-checked trousers, black coats, and white vests, with a glimpse of watch chain dangling from the fob of each.

"Those are seccor is. It is their duty to see that fair play is preserved all around and to resuscitate the principals when they are knocked out, or for any reason need their services. They have on hand whisky flasks, sponges, fans, and everything needed."

"Time!" called the keeper, watch in hand, when after the first round Corbett lay sprawled on the floor, seemingly in a spent condition.

In a flash the redoubtable fighter was up again, ready to "go" for his opponent with all the vigor of baffled fury. They cuffed, battled, and closed in with each other just for all the world like human beings, and when the second round was called off there was a cessation of hostilities the efficient seconds sponged off the participants and fanned them and mopped their sweating brows, exactly as do their prototypes in a world-famous contest of prize fighting. In the third round Corbett seemed about to win, but the agile Fitzsimmons quickly recovering him-



self planted a telling blow right between his opponent's eyes, and as he fell to the floor and failed to rise when the significant "Time!" was called the victory went to Fitzsimmons.

"At first I had to put muzzles on them," said the trainer. "They got really in earnest over the business and would bite each other and have a real set-to. As they do this prizefighting act seven times each day now, for six days in the week, it would be bad for them to take it seriously."

"Are monkeys hard to train?" "Very. A monkey can mimic, exactly, whatever he sees a man do, but he has no native intelligence. You can show him how to do a thing, but you can't tell him as you can a dog."

"In teaching these monkeys every detail must be gone over and over before their eyes day after day, or they will forget it from one performance to the next. A dog will remember. He is an imitative. He can be taught through his intelligence."

"The hardest thing I ever did was to teach those red monkeys the shaving act. Finally they understood, however, and the lathering of the soap and rubbing it on the customer's face was great fun for them. Now, when the two barber monkeys shave a customer or two they do it so earnestly and their expression of countenance is so serious and painstaking that the onlookers have to laugh in spite of themselves."

"Here, Rex! Fix your soap!" he called to a wistful-eyed red monkey who was sitting a short distance away rolling an empty pool over and over after the fashion of a kitten. The trainer made motions with his hand about his mouth and chin, and Rex hopped up to a small cup near and seizing a brush in his hairy paw began to mix soap suds.

"Get your razor," was the next command, accompanied by another sign and Rex picked up the wooden razor and bobbed his head to a gray monkey (one of the seconds in the prizefight) who had seated himself in the miniature barber's chair and laid his head back at the first intimation that Rex was getting ready. Rex laid the razor on the table and was about to gaze at his customer's face, when the trainer stopped him.

"Hi! now, there, Rex!" he said sternly, and, immediately Rex dropped the latterbrush, took up a white cloth which lay convenient, unfolded it, and put it around the customer's neck.

spreading it out neatly over his chest, to protect his clothing.

"The two looked quaint and grotesque enough as the hairy chin and cheeks were lathered by the dark monkey, and the make-believe razor applied. The monkey then seemed to ask the other if he wished his hair cut, and the latter nodding affirmatively, that little pantomime was enacted, two or three men and a half dozen boys who were looking on giving way to explosions of laughter at the lifelike and very human movements of the monkey."

"He has seen a man shaved a million times; I should say," affirmed the trainer, "and now the performance has become second nature with him. He seldom omits anything, as he did the napping just now, but I don't think he is quite up to the mark today."

"Are monkeys apt to get sick?" "Not so apt to get sick as they are apt to die outright unexpectedly. The climate in America, particularly in the Northern states, is too variable and cold for them. A monkey's lungs are not his strong point. Frequently a trainer devotes infinite time and patience to educating a monkey in a certain performance, only to lose him before the season is half over. A whole ship load was brought over from Africa about a year ago, to be sold at auction throughout the country, and two-thirds of them died before they could be disposed of."

"Perhaps the training that these performing monkeys go through worries and frets them, causing sickness," suggested a bystander. "No, it is their nature to imitate and do things. I don't think they mind that, but they miss the warmth and freedom that they are used to among the coconuts and palms."

"What else do these monkeys do?" he was asked.

"Oh, a lot of things. I would put them through, but they are tired now, and as I said, Rex seems out of sorts. He is very fond of playing solitaire and sharpening knives and all sorts of household implements. That he was asked.



dun-colored little fellow rings the bell to attract custom. The one with the white face over in the corner turns the wheelstone, and the others struggle up with things to be ground. They look funny dressed up with their hats on. Fitzsimmons enjoys bundling Rex in a wheelbarrow and spilling him out, and Corbett sometimes goes out walking with his wife and wheels the baby carriage with the youngest child in it. The baby all dressed up in white nainsook and lace. Those little red men there all can ride bicycles, and sometimes we make bloomer girls out of some of them. They look quite coquettish with their glossy caps. They can go through a dignified dinner, also, using knife, fork, and napkin cleverly."

"The monkeys in the Zoo never do cute things, do they?" asked one of the spectators.

"They imitate their keeper's movements occasionally, but they don't have the chance to see much going on except people walking about and staring at them. In their natural state monkeys are, only interesting because of their resemblance to man; they have to see things repeatedly done before they before they feel inclination to ape them."—*Olive F. Gunby, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

What They Trained About.

"I once occupied two rooms on the ground floor of an old-fashioned house, which stood on a corner where a large number of school children passed," said a lady recently. "One day it occurred to me that it would be interesting to listen to their conversation. So, as the pupils reached my front windows, I walked with them to my side windows, and so to the length of the house, I being unobserved behind blinds and sash curtains."

"After three weeks' observation I found that boys from 8 to 14 years of age were bragging continually of their superior prowess in the line of 'holin,' 'baseball,' 'bike ridin' and 'big brother.' Never a word of their studies."

"Girls of the same age talked:—
"And mamma said—
"I don't care, my numbers are too hard; I'll tell mamma—
"And she says—
"My doll is as pretty; mamma says—"

"And so it went on, mamma coming in at the beginning or end of every sentence. Both boys and girls of this age talked as fast as their tongues allowed."

"Of the ages from 14 to 17, the girls talked with scarcely an exception, of their studies."

"The boys of the same age talked, with scarcely an exception, of girls."

"Now, I confess, this surprised me! I had always been taught to believe just the reverse, and it took various listenings and peeps before I would believe my senses. But the truth was before me. The boys talked girls, girls, girls, and the girls talked studies, studies, studies."

A Youthful Financier.

"You should put your nickels and dimes in a savings bank and let the bank interest," said an indulgent father to his little boy out north-east, who was continually calling for nickels and pennies to buy soda water and candy, along in the early summer.

"What interest?" questioned the little fellow.

The subject was fully explained to him by the father and the boy was made to understand that with the interest he could in time buy all the sweetmeats he wanted. His mother bought him a toy savings bank, and he commenced business, demanding a dime, or nickel from his father every night or his return home from office. Last Sunday out of curiosity, the father examined into the little one's financial affairs, and found just 12 cents.

"Why, George, where's all the money I gave you?" he asked the youngster. "Been drawn?" interest," weekly, replied the young hopeful.—*Washington Star.*

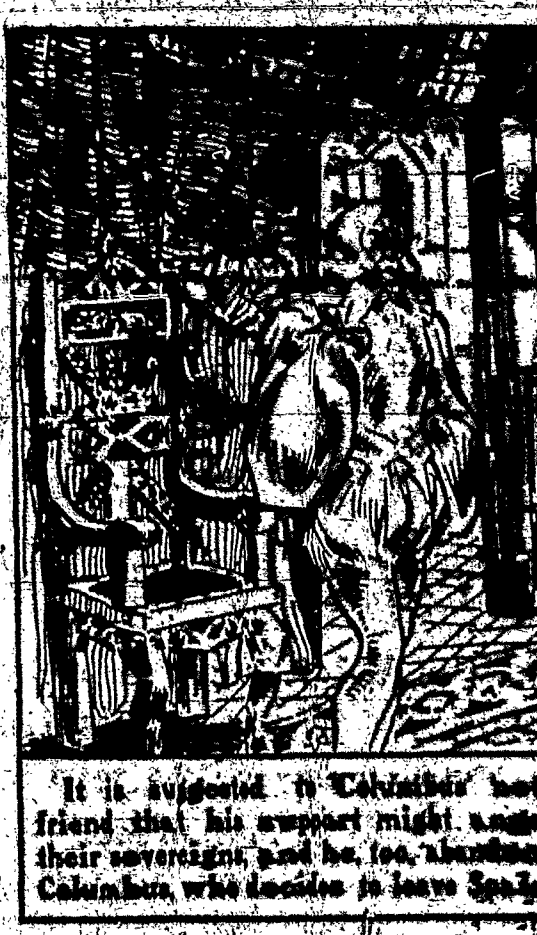
THE COVER.



Columbus becomes acquainted with a Spanish nobleman who decides that he will furnish Columbus with ships and money.

FIND THE NORSEMAN'S SON.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



It is suggested in Columbus' last friend that his support might come from their sovereign, and he, too, abundant Columbus, who decides to leave Spain.

FIND A THIRD NORSEMAN.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Columbus travels to the Convent of La Rabida to bid his old friend, Friar Perez, farewell before his departure from Spain.

FIND TWO HIDDEN PRIARS.

THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Friar Perez departs from the convent to see personally the sovereigns and plead the cause of Columbus.

FIND FRIAR PEREZ.