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THE GLUTTON OSTRICH.

How the Greed of One of the Animals Was Punished.

For cold appetites the goat and the ostrich stand supreme, with the ostrich just a step ahead, and yet an ostrich finds trouble in swallowing a hot potato. A South African writer tells an amusing story of greed and how it was punished. He says: These ostriches were a source of endless trouble to us. They grew rapidly and developed great kicking powers until they became sometimes positively dangerous, the dogs and the Kaffirs coming in for most of their attentions. Their appetite was insatiable. We used to make large quantities of biltong, or sun-dried meat, and there were usually dozens of strips of it hanging on rems slung from wagon to wagon, and these were always objects of attention on the part of the ostriches. It was most amusing to see one trying to swallow a strip a yard long and two inches thick, just as a chicken struggles with a worm that is a little too big for it. Once we had to drag a huge strip out of one of the birds' throats to save it from choking.

But it was the culinary department that interested them most. They would always attack the Kaffirs bringing the viands from the kitchen to the tent and sometimes were so pertinacious that the boy would get frightened and throw the dish away and bolt, and we would lose the best part of our dinner. They would even come into the tent and snatch things off the table, and we would take it out of them by smothering a dainty morsel with salt and cayenne pepper, but after awhile they seemed to flourish on it.

One day, however, we got the laugh on our side. Dinner was preparing, and one of the birds was investigating the pots around the fire. A great pot of huge potatoes took his fancy, and he incontinently seized and swallowed a radish tuber as big as a large pomegranate. He danced, he jumped, he kicked, he twisted his neck about almost into knots, he flapped his wings and wagged his tail, he ran amuck, knocking things down and hanging himself up against the wagons and stone walls, and at last tore away into the veld at 20 miles an hour until he was out of sight and did not appear again for a couple of hours.

Every morning soon after sunrise these birds would indulge in a dance. They would rush away into the veld for about a mile and then suddenly stop and commence waltzing round and round in the most ridiculous fashion, often till they dropped. I never could understand the meaning of this performance. It might be mere gambling, but if so it must be nearly the only case of young birds playing, as so many young animals do.

STORY FROM A MUSEUM.

Punching Bags Were Made and Used Many Centuries Ago.

In a Roman museum is a toilet case in which some fair lady kept her combs, brushes and paint pots about 2,300 years ago, as near as the savants can guess. This cista, as it is called, was dug up in Palestine, the ancient Pænesto, and is beautifully engraved with pictures representing the adventures of the argonauts.

These argonauts sailed to the land of the Bebrykes and arrived very thirsty, but were prevented from drinking at the spring until one of them, Pollux, had knocked out King Amycus in a boxing match without gloves. So are argonauts resolved to keep in practice. This Palestine cista represents one of them banging away at a punching bag hung from a tree limb while fat old Silenus mimics him.

This bag, by its shape and appearance, was presumably filled with grain, and was not so well adapted for developing quickness as the modern wind-bag, but it was pretty good for 2,300 years ago, after all. Perhaps some scientist will yet dig up a pneumatic tread bicycle or repeating rifle.

George Washington's false teeth were the rediscovery of the art of making them by some Frenchman, but they were not exactly a novelty in one sense. At any rate, there has been dug up in Cornet, Italy, a set of very comical false teeth which must have been built before the beginning of the Christian era.

As for safety pins, needles, and suchlike small Yankee notions, the droglodytes had them long before there was any such thing as history invented. It's hard to prove with certainty that any novelty is really new.—Exchange.

"Number Six" in the Labor World.

A businesslike young fellow with the air of a clerk who began to move among the men, and they showed the keenest interest in his approach. I heard them speak of him as the timekeeper, but I had no knowledge of such a functionary, and I wondered whether he had any business with me. He halted me with a brisk "What is your number?" I looked at him in surprise. "He's a new hand," shouted the boss from his elevation. "What's your name?" asked the timekeeper as he turned a page in his book. I told him, and when he had written it he drew from his pocket a brass disk upon which was stamped the number six, and this he told me to wear suspended by its string and to show it to him as often as he made his rounds.—"The Workers," by Walter A. Wyckoff, in Scribner's.

He Got the Turnip Back.

An absent-minded gentleman, who was a landlord, went one day to call on a tenant who chanced to be in great distress over the death of a valuable cow. The man garrulously detailed the circumstances of the death.

"Nothing ailed her. She just choked like."

"Ha, mum!" responded the absent-minded man, thinking all the while of something else.

"She had been eating turnips," went on the tenant, "and when it was all over and we looked in her mouth there was a turnip sticking in her throat, whole."

"Oh, then," said the absent-minded man, rousing with a great show of lively interest, "you got your turnip, after all!" —Pearson's Weekly.

PURE BLOOD is the foundation of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich and nourishing and gives and maintains good **HEALTH.**

MEASURING MOLECULES.

Lord Kelvin's Illustration Showing How Minute Are the Atoms.

It appears from calculations that the mean free path or distance traversed by the molecules between collisions in ordinary air is about one-half-millionth of an inch, while the speed of the molecules is such that each one experiences about 8,000,000,000 collisions per second. It would be hard perhaps to cite an illustration showing the refinements of modern physics better than this; unless, indeed, one other result that followed directly from these calculations be considered such—the fact, namely, of measuring the size of the molecules themselves. Clausius was the first to point out how this might be done from a knowledge of the length of free path, and the calculations were made by Loschmidt in Germany, and by Lord Kelvin in England, independently.

The work is purely mathematical, of course, but the results are regarded as unassailable. Indeed Lord Kelvin speaks of them as being absolutely demonstrative within certain limits of accuracy. This does not mean, however, that they show the exact dimensions of the molecule. It means an estimate of the limits of size within which the actual size of the molecule may lie. These limits, Lord Kelvin estimates, are about one-tenth-millionth of a centimeter for the maximum, and one-one-hundred-millionth of a centimeter for the minimum. Such figures convey no particular meaning to our blunt senses, but Lord Kelvin has given a tangible illustration that aids the imagination to at least a vague comprehension of the unthinkable smallness of the molecule. He estimates that if a ball, say of water or glass, about "as large as a football, were to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule being magnified in the same proportion, the magnified structure would be more coarse grained than a heap of shot, but probably less coarse grained than a heap of footballs." —Henry Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

FISH WITH WINGS.

Something About These Queer Dwellers in the Sea.

The flying fish loves deep water and is found throughout the length and breadth of tropical seas. He is fond of feeding near the gulf weed of the Sargasso and deposits his stringy, glutinous spawn on its yellow branches. Vessels bound from New York to the Caribbean islands, says Forest and Stream, upon reaching the "horse latitudes," sometimes encounter vast quantities of drifting weed, strung out into long ribbonlike patches about an eighth of a mile apart.

Among the golden weed, with its delicate leaves and globular seeds, exists a curious family of cuttlefish, crabs, mollusks and small fishes. Upon these the flying fish preys, and they in turn devour its spawn. Every plunge of the steamer as she plows through the blue tropical waters frightens dozens of flying fish into the air, where they scatter in all directions, with the sunlight glistening on their gauzy wings.

The flying fish of the Atlantic attains a length of nearly one foot and a breadth between wing tips of 11 inches. He has a round, compact body, about 1 inch in diameter near the pectoral fins or wings. There is also an auxiliary pair of ventral fins or wings, not nearly so large as the pectoral pair. The wings are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched over a delicate bony framework, and are either black, white or mottled with both. The upper half of the entire fish is a metallic blue in color, while the lower portion is a nacreous white. Black, prominent eyes, a small, prehensile mouth, forked tail, dorsal and anal fins complete the picture of one of the most interesting little fishes in all nature's vast aquarium.

In flights he darts from the water to a height of 20 feet and goes scudding rapidly with both wings and tail. He sails straight away for 1,000 feet, or even more, occasionally touching the crest of a wave and seeming to gain a new impetus by the contact.

Specks Before the Eyes.

The generality of mankind have in all probability, at one period or the other, been troubled by specks floating before the eyes, and this condition of affairs is frequently caused by a torpid condition of the liver. These specks are occasioned by some foreign substance floating in the aqueous humor. The image of an object is formed on the retina in the back part of the eye, and the foreign object passes before that field, casting a shadow upon it in the same manner that clouds float between the earth and the sun, casting a shadow upon the earth. Of course it interferes with a clear vision and is noticeable to a greater or less extent. These specks are foreign substances which should have been eliminated. With a torpid liver and a torpid elimination these foreign substances accumulate in the body everywhere, and it is common for them to be thrown into the cavity of the eye. They occasion considerable annoyance and can only be relieved of this disturbing element by improving the elimination to the extent that all foreign matter is removed from the body. This can be done by regulating the diet.—New York Ledger.

Edgehill--Church School for Girls
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INCORPORATED 1891.

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HANDS OFF THE BIRDS

Time was when man made ready war And in his covered lair Banded his fellow's teeth and wore The trophies in his hair.

Time is when ruthless savage, swart, And slaves of fashion, fair, Flay God's sweet choristers to sport The trophies in their hair.

Where lies the onus of the doom? Who flaunt symbolic pain? The principals are those for whom The innocents are slain.

How long, Lord God, shall blood price gain Buy inhumanity? How long shall sanguined stigma stain The brow of vanity?

Hands off the birds, whose worship pours From every templed grove! Let live earth's fittest metaphors Of beauty, joy and love! —Benjamin Lander in New York Times.

LONDON'S PAST PLEASURES.

How Its Inhabitants Amused Themselves a Century or Two Ago.

The Londoner in the long past might retire to Bagnigge Wells, near the present King's Cross, or Florida gardens, Brompton (Brompton was noted 100 years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone gardens and Bowling Green, mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668, or the Bayswater Tea gardens, which flourished till after the middle of the present century, there to sit in a summer house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbrier, drinking tea, then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage, and eating cheese cakes, "heart cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Music," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward his visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the day," a great attraction, doubtless, for Londoners at a period when fruit and flowers were neither so cheap nor so abundant in the metropolis as they are at present. Nor were more artificial amusements lacking. In addition to illuminations, fireworks and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every sort.

A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "the flying man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveler in English atmosphere" by contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road, then a resort of fashion, and was uproariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later on aeronautic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century—were reckoned as another of their special attractions and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator." —Temple Bar.

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