

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Pretty Rabbit Pen.

To encourage my boy in learning the use of tools, I designed and helped him make an ornamental rabbit pen (Fig. 1). A box of inch stuff by four feet and sixteen inches deep was procured, the top taken off and the open part placed on the ground. Four strips each one by two inches and four feet long were nailed to the box, a cross strip of the same size two feet long being nailed in across the centre to complete the framework of the foundation (Fig. 2). A part of one side of the box was removed

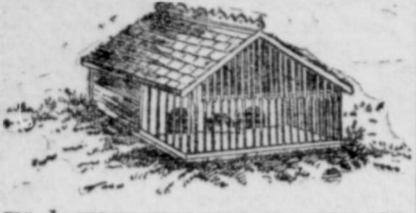


FIG. 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF RABBIT PEN.

and fitted with hinges to be used as a flap door, and two round-topped holes were cut in the front part of the box for doors between the back and front of the pen. On the foundation in front, a floor of four-foot boards was nailed, projecting a little beyond the framework. Strips like those used for the foundation were nailed in the same manner about the top of the box and floored over. On this framework five pairs of one by two inch rafters, cut for one-fourth pitch, and projecting four in., were securely nailed. Four strips of one and one-half by one inch stuff were bored at intervals of one and one-half inches with a one-fourth inch bit, and of these the front cage was constructed, the inside being one-fourth inch round iron rods cut to fourteen-inch pieces, the strips being securely nailed at top, bottom and corners. The middle pair of rafters supported a partition in the roof with a hole between the compartments.

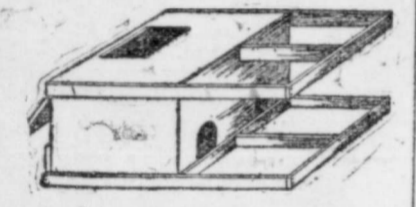


FIG. 2. FRAMEWORK OF RABBIT PEN.

Another hole for ingress to the attic was left in the floor in the back room. The roof was sheathed with three-fourth inch boards, and a cornice fitted on eaves and gable. It was then shingled, a neat cresting added to the comb. The floor of the pen was laid up with vertical pieces, and fitted with a small hinged door. The front gate was finished by nailing on vertical slats with pointed bottom ends, made of one-half by three-fourth inch pine. A pit was dug one and one-half by two feet deep, and lined with boards around the sides. The back part of the pen was placed directly over the pit. Grown rabbits could jump easily from the pit into the front cage, and the little ones remained in the pit until too large to get out through the wires. Rabbits dig down in the pit and construct their own breeding places in burrows beneath the pen. The pen proved to be warm in winter, cool in summer and well adapted for keeping rabbits. With a little extra effort, a refuse could be easily removed from the pit through the trap door, and the pen never became offensive. With a pair of white rabbits and their young, the pen was a pretty sight at the back of the lawn, and was always attractive to the neighbors. It was painted with dark red mineral paint, a trim with white, which harmonized well with the bright green lawn and the dark green foliage of the shrubbery.

A Surprise Party.

The wolves had decided on a jolly party and were even now ready to start. Not a tame affair in their own neighborhood, but a grand old-fashioned surprise party at Farmer Brown's, some miles distant. The baby women had no doubt snugly tucked in bed, and their parents, these self-invited guests, scampered over the snow-drifted hills and under the sky diamonds. But of the beauties of nature it is likely they took little, if any, notice, for it was bitter cold, and they were not about to stir. They took no baskets, no bundles, no luxuriant packages—for was not Mr. Brown abundantly able to furnish plenty of refreshments for them all? Of what these refreshments would consist was a theme for animated discussion for a long time, but finally all agreed that there was really nothing quite so fresh and mutton. While chatting in this friendly, pleasant manner they had traversed many miles, and now the commodious farm house was in full view, but strange to relate, the lights were all out, it must certainly be quite late. Well, all the better; they would at once repair to the sheep house, and immediately enter on the joys of the evening. So thither they hastened only to find the door quite securely fastened, and the windows even barred in a most inopportune manner.

Again and again they tried the door, singly and together, pushing with all their strength. Then they scratched and howled at the door, and at last, singly and together, they grew disagreeable to each other; they were so hungry, and said and did disagreeable things—those in the rear said if those in front would only help push the door might be opened in no time, and if those at the windows used any judgment whatsoever the bars would be easily broken—then those in front and at the windows answered back and all began to snarl and snap at each other, and were altogether a very disagreeable set of visitors, not such as we would want to invite to our homes. Meantime, one fellow more enterprising than the rest, had found an opening between the logs near the door, into which he immediately inserted his head. What he saw inside was something like this: In the back-ground, standing with wide-open eyes, were the sheep with the little lambs; in front of them with every nerve alert and eyes riveted on the approaching enemy, like the brave protector he was, stood Spartacus.

Old Spart, as he was affectionately called by the boys, except when they ran from him from some of the aerial tours on which he often sent them, then with returning breath, they usually pronounced the last syllable of his name with great emphasis. However, this has got no more to do with the story at all, for the head of this intruder showed that Spartacus in associating with the boys had learned even to be on the defensive, and to let no indignity offered him go unpunished, and this will in some measure explain his conduct on this eventful night. Now, when he saw the head of this intruder he at once said to himself, "these tormenting boys are up to some of their old tricks again, but I'll fix 'em."

Outside the wolves were growling and scratching, each anxious to put his head through the crack. "Why don't you go

DO MONKEYS TALK?

An Observer Thinks Gorillas and Chimpanzees Have a Language.

Some time ago, it will be remembered, Mr. R. L. Garner went to Africa for the purpose of observing the habits of the gorilla and chimpanzee. He had an immense steel cage constructed, which he placed in the centre of an immense jungle, and here he passed day after day and night after night studying these creatures.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, Mr. Garner recounts some of his experiences in the African wilds. He says:—It is very difficult to determine with exactness how many species of apes there may be, for there is great variation among these animals; but I am in doubt as to whether or not we are justified in making new species of them, because from one extreme type to the other almost every gradation between is occupied, and hence the difficulty of drawing the line at which to say "here one begins and the other ends."

JAPANESE WOMEN.

Curious Facts About Their Life and Habits Devotion and Cleanliness.

After all the discussions caused by the advanced woman, it is interesting, by way of contrast, to turn to the country where woman's life and chief duty is obligation and submission. A writer in the *Pacific Mail* describes the Japanese woman as really charming, not as a responsible woman, but as a feminine curiosity. As a wife she is of so little account that from the most devoted husband she expects but few favors. All the women are born with a natural modesty. Even the humblest have slender, delicate hands, and arrange everything with surprising daintiness.

A Japanese lady's visiting dress often costs \$300, not including her hairpins, which are always a most important item. As the fashion never changes, both dress and pins are handed down from mother to daughter. In each city the women wear a color peculiar to their town. In Tokio it is blue, in Kyoto slate gray, and so on. Chamberlain says: "It is little wonder that the women of the upper class are adopting European dress, which is by no means so general as is supposed. It shows that to a certain extent, she has shaken off the yoke of inferiority under which she has labored. For to-day in Japan the greatest duchess in the land is only one of the drudge. He treats her more respectfully when in European dress. The same woman has been observed to walk into the room after her husband when dressed as a Japanese but before him when a European."

According to the "Seven Reasons for Divorce," a Japanese woman can be divorced for talking too much, which disturbs the peace of her kinsmen, or brings trouble on her household. She shall be divorced for disobedience to her father-in-law. She must love her husband as her lord, and must serve him with reverence, not despising nor thinking lightly of him. She must not enter into irreverent familiarity with the gods—neither must she spend too much time in praying. If she performs her duties to her husband she may enjoy the divine protection without prayers.

She has no change in fashions to discuss, no shopping to while away her time, no master bunnet to look forward to, as she never wears bonnets; her only ornaments are tortoiseshell hairpins, her best parasols are made of paper, her kimono must be of quiet, soft-colored crepe. Truly, she has a hard time, this little Japanese woman.

It is customary for a woman to blacken her cheeks with charcoal dust, to keep away other admirers and show her entire submission to her husband. The present pretty Empress as a wife has, however, set the example of wearing white teeth.

Japanese women have strange ideas of cleanliness. They shake their heads of their eyebrows, and have pencilled ones with an exaggerated arch. They paint their lips a livid crimson, with a patch of gold in the centre, and their faces a chalky white. The peasant girl, of course, cannot afford all this decoration, and must be contented with her own cheeks and tanned skin. The Japanese seem to cleanliness more than modesty. In Tokio there are about 800 jaths, where some 3,000 persons bathe every day. These baths were enjoyed by both sexes without division until the present Emperor ordered a separation to be made in all public baths. The people obeyed by placing a rope across the top of the water.

It is said that a Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world. They never use soap; the figured Japanese onyx and cottons will not stand it. Their substitute for ironing is primitive. While the material is very wet they spread it smooth on boards, and stand them against the house to dry. The Japanese are devoted mothers and excellent nurses, but the poor little baby never knows the comfort of a mother's lap, for she uses her knees to sit upon, and holds her baby standing to her breast when nursing. She always carries it on her back.

Drunkness is unknown among even the lowest women, but a pipe is her constant companion. She even takes it to bed with her, while her little black charcoal face, well filled with hot ashes, is close beside her for convenience sake. Her housekeeping gives her but little trouble, for in the lower classes rice, varied with tea, pickled vegetables, sauce, and fish, comprise the three meals.

All who spend any time in the country are completely fascinated by these sweet-tempered, gentle, and dainty women, all of whom are, as they are heard to hear of children. One of their greatest charms is that the longer you know them the less you understand them; their natures are so complex, in spite of their apparent simplicity.

MARRIED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

A wonderful anniversary, the 100th, of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Szathmary is reported from Hungary. This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1793, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least 120 and 115 years old. The 100th anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zombolyi, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

A feather like a tall church spire Attached to one small coil of wire— That
A woman's hat; And yet it seems to me I've heard Some women dub men's hats absurd.

VILLAGE NATURALISTS IN SCOTLAND.

A Droll Class.

A race which has all but passed away from the hills and valleys of Scotland since the passing of stringent vagrancy Acts and the reformation of local authorities is that of the half-witted wanderers, or "naturalists," as they used to be called, whose idiosyncrasy a generation ago formed one of the most peculiar characteristics of most of the rural districts. A sort of privileged mendicants, they were never turned from the door of cottage, manse or farm-stead. This friendly reception was due partly to superstition, which made it unlucky to refuse hospitality to those seemingly afflicted, and partly for fear of the unreasoning vengeance which some of them had been known to perpetrate; but most of all to pity, which everywhere looked upon them with a kindly and excusing eye. Stories of their exploits and sayings, no means always so "howling" as might have been expected, but generally containing a biting grain of humor which tickled the fancy, were current everywhere and the country; and sometimes they even did a useful service which could have been effected by no more sane and sensible persons.

It is recorded in the life of Hog, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he owed something of the dawn of his inspiration to one of these wanderers. One sunny summer day when he was on the hills, he was herding his sheep on Hawkeslaw Hill, above the farm of Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarow, there came up to him

ONE OF THESE NATURALISTS

named Jock Scott, well known and welcomed on that country side for his poetic proclivities. To while away the time Jock, who was then on his return from a peregrination in Ayrshire, recited to the Shepherd the words of a wonderful poem called "Tam o' Shanter," made by an Ayrshire ploughman of the name of Burns. To that recitation, no less, perhaps, than to the storied surroundings of the hills of Yarow which never he dwelt, Hog owed the opening of his eyes to the poetic light that came on one sunny day, and to the magic of that elfin under-world in which he was to dream his exquisite dream of *Bonny Kilmorye*.

Of later wanderers like Jock Scott on that border side Dr. Russell, in his "Reminiscences of Yarow," has recorded an anecdote of one Jock Gray, supposed to be the original of Davis Gellatley in pronunciation, or translate, and which would not pay for the trouble in the event of success.

How well we remember the old-fashioned garden it was generally on a south slope, where the sun lay golden and warm all the summer day, and the brow of the hill sheltered it from the blighting winds of spring, and from the frosty breath of early autumn.

All the family took pride in it, and did their share of the work in it. Each of the little girls had her own particular flower-bed, and cultivated her own pet rose-bush, in some secluded corner.

The boys, on the other hand, were more acquisitive, and grandmother had her patch of thyme, and hyssop, and rue, and wormwood, and sweet marjoram, and tansy, and a score or more of the old-fashioned plants, whose very names have gone out of the memory of the present generation.

Nobody could keep house without tansy, "spig" cheeses, and hyssop for a cough, and rue for the measles, and wormwood for sprains, and thyme and sweet marjoram for the legs of veal and lamb, which came in season every spring.

There was the apparatus bed, where imitation green peas were gathered in April, and where, later on in the year, grew and flourished those green feathery sprigs, with coral berries, which once adorned every looking-glass in the country, and hung in bunches from the looks in iron-plastering, and kept the pine and spruce boughs company in the wide old fire-pieces through the summer.

There were rows of hollyhocks, and sunflowers, and primrose feathers, and rose of Sharon, and nasturtiums, and pansies, and bed of June pinks, and sweet-william, and marigolds, and bachelor's buttons, and jonquils, and was there ever any flower, however sweet, that could equal a June pink for fragrance?

Beside the fences blossomed the old damask rose, and the double white rose, with a heart like the inside of a sea-shell, and the lilacs and sweet briars filled up the spaces with their hardy luxuriance.

One did not have to nurse plants like these, and shield them, lest the wind of heaven blew too roughly upon them; they were tough and hardy, and acclimated, and they amply repaid the little care bestowed upon them.

Nothing in the old-fashioned garden was so rare that it could not be spared by making a bouquet for the best room, where the minister was coming to tea, or Sarah Ann was expecting her young man, and the rose-cheeked school-children, who peeped through the gate on their way to the rustic school-house were made glad by nosegays of pinks and heart's ease whenever they asked for them.

The ribbon borders and beds of to-day were unknown; nobody had ever heard of the Umbellifer Sempervirens, or the Soropolarium Chrysanthum; for some were not in vogue in garden, and ornamental ones in flower-pots, but the old-fashioned garden was just as beautiful, and its flowers just as sweet, and the whole thing was a great deal more satisfactory than the elaborate garden of these times.

There are no flowers livelier than those of our grandmothers cultivated, and we make a mistake to exclude them from our gardens, because they are old-fashioned. And while we would by no means be unmindful of the very beautiful flowers being constantly put forward by our florists, we would still retain in our gardens the pinks, and sweet-williams, and pansies, and marigolds, and hollyhocks, and all their old-time companions even at the risk of being called an old fogey of the female persuasion.

It is impious in a good man to be sad. The sorrow runs into his own bed.

Dr. John Murray's proposed expedition to the south pole is attracting favourable attention in Europe. It is more than fifty years since James Ross, after discovering Victoria, penetrated to the 73rd degree south latitude, and since then, with the exception of the Challenger, hardly a vessel has gone that way. The present proposal is indirectly due to the reports brought back by a couple of Scotch whalers which in 1891 went southward of Cape Horn in their search for fresh hunting-grounds. Dr. Murray believes in the existence at the south pole of a continent as large as Australia, in which there would be the two great phenomena of glaciation and volcanic action.

Mother—"To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impudently to papa to-day at dinner! She never hears me talk that way to him." Ethel (stuttering)—"Well, you choused him, and I didn't."

with his great spiefy feet naked in all weathers. His usual custom upon entering a house, which he did without ceremony, was to "weat the women," as he called it. Upon one occasion he rushed into the mansion-house of Caldarvan, and straightway seizing its mistress by the waist, to her dismay lifted her into the air. Matters were put right, however, by the lady's sister, who was present, suggesting to the too energetic and somewhat dubious visitor the man-of-houses of Caldarvan, and straightway "Ay," said he; and, no doubt to her immense relief, set his burden down. Something more than a suspicion existed that Will's pranks were not confined to the comparatively harmless one of weating the women. The opening of field-gates during the night, and the consequent serious straying of cattle and sheep, were frequently attributed to him. Further and even worse deeds of spiteful mischief contributed to make him sufficiently feared

Hard Times and Railroads.

That the still prevalent financial stringency has been disastrous to the railways of the United States is evident from the fact that one-fifth of their total mileage has got into the hands of receivers. An important consequence will be that the various companies will be unable to meet their obligations to the Government, and the question is now before the House Committee on Pacific Railroads. The first instalment of bonds issued by the Government in aid of the construction of the Pacific roads, and amounting to \$2,362,000, falls due on January 1st, and must be provided for during the next fiscal year. The whole amount involved is about \$135,000,000.

THE BROWN DEATH.

Startling Experience of a Gentleman in Ennabul.

I was living in the town of Akya, which is a very old English port in Burma, and among other men there I knew one had business with a native-born Christian man named Mordai. One day he came to me and asked me to go over to some property he had on a neighboring island. He had been having trouble about boundaries and wanted me to give him an unbiased opinion. We started in a sailboat about 12 o'clock and got to his place about 4. He and I got out of the boat and went up to a small bungalow he had built there. These jungle bungalows are built on posts six to ten feet from the ground and consist simply of the floor, the roof, and sometimes walls run up six or seven feet. There is no ceiling, and nothing overhead but the roof, which is made of bamboo and thatched with leaves from the toddy plant.

We were sitting on the veranda, the six feet from the ground, and Mordai was talking to me about the boundary, and I had become quite interested in some measure in his lap. While engaged in something I felt something fall from my shoulder. I rose quite abruptly and saw that Mordai had turned, and such was what was in my chair, that on my day was a piece of bamboo had the next, down by the wind. As I turned this was toward Mordai and I was

STRUCK MOTIONLESS.

by a hoarse "For God's sake, don't move Sahib!" From the hoarse voice I knew as well as if I could see that a cobra, or a khorite, equally deadly and more numerous in that part, was on my shoulder. I stood perfectly motionless, for I knew that the snake, being aroused, would strike like lightning. Mordai called out to me, "Get up, Mordai! Get up! Get up!" I was a toss-up, I knew; either delivered, and that speedily, or the sharp, stinging punctures in my neck or head, and then—death. Every minute was a torment because I could not see my enemy, and so could not tell the moment he would strike. Probably not a minute elapsed from the time I stood up until I saw Mordai approaching me from in front, but I was ed to me as Mordai had had his hand on one of the rooms and thus got around in front of me without disturbing the snake. In his hand he held a Burmese dah (sword) and I knew that he meant to cut the snake down with one strong stroke. He crept in and close beside me he had the snake trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly and his eyes seemed glazed with horror. The sword trembled for a moment in his nerveless hand, and then with a horse whisper of "My God, I can't do it!" he let it fall to the ground, tottered to chair. He was an old man and his nerve had given way. He dare not risk the result of his blow should he fail to cut down the serpent. When the sword fell I could feel a slight vibration on my shoulder, and I closed my eyes as my shoulder was a snake pat and the sharp stinging thrust of the

DEATH-DEALING PANGS.

I stood perfectly motionless, but my mind worked with the rapidity of lightning. I felt almost grateful that Mordai had not struck, for I could see that his nerves were so unstrung that he would in all probability have missed the snake. I knew that I was not alone in the world, and I could be up with our traps, and my only hope was to stand quite still until they arrived. Time will never efface the memory of that death wait for my mind. In the chair, shivering and ghastly, his hollow, half-glazed eyes staring at me, Mordai had his hand on one of the rooms and thus got around in front of me without disturbing the snake. In his hand he held a Burmese dah (sword) and I knew that he meant to cut the snake down with one strong stroke. He crept in and close beside me he had the snake trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly and his eyes seemed glazed with horror. The sword trembled for a moment in his nerveless hand, and then with a horse whisper of "My God, I can't do it!" he let it fall to the ground, tottered to chair. He was an old man and his nerve had given way. He dare not risk the result of his blow should he fail to cut down the serpent. When the sword fell I could feel a slight vibration on my shoulder, and I closed my eyes as my shoulder was a snake pat and the sharp stinging thrust of the

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THE BROWN DEATH.

Startling Experience of a Gentleman in Ennabul.

I was living in the town of Akya, which is a very old English port in Burma, and among other men there I knew one had business with a native-born Christian man named Mordai. One day he came to me and asked me to go over to some property he had on a neighboring island. He had been having trouble about boundaries and wanted me to give him an unbiased opinion. We started in a sailboat about 12 o'clock and got to his place about 4. He and I got out of the boat and went up to a small bungalow he had built there. These jungle bungalows are built on posts six to ten feet from the ground and consist simply of the floor, the roof, and sometimes walls run up six or seven feet. There is no ceiling, and nothing overhead but the roof, which is made of bamboo and thatched with leaves from the toddy plant.

We were sitting on the veranda, the six feet from the ground, and Mordai was talking to me about the boundary, and I had become quite interested in some measure in his lap. While engaged in something I felt something fall from my shoulder. I rose quite abruptly and saw that Mordai had turned, and such was what was in my chair, that on my day was a piece of bamboo had the next, down by the wind. As I turned this was toward Mordai and I was

STRUCK MOTIONLESS.

by a hoarse "For God's sake, don't move Sahib!" From the hoarse voice I knew as well as if I could see that a cobra, or a khorite, equally deadly and more numerous in that part, was on my shoulder. I stood perfectly motionless, for I knew that the snake, being aroused, would strike like lightning. Mordai called out to me, "Get up, Mordai! Get up! Get up!" I was a toss-up, I knew; either delivered, and that speedily, or the sharp, stinging punctures in my neck or head, and then—death. Every minute was a torment because I could not see my enemy, and so could not tell the moment he would strike. Probably not a minute elapsed from the time I stood up until I saw Mordai approaching me from in front, but I was ed to me as Mordai had had his hand on one of the rooms and thus got around in front of me without disturbing the snake. In his hand he held a Burmese dah (sword) and I knew that he meant to cut the snake down with one strong stroke. He crept in and close beside me he had the snake trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly and his eyes seemed glazed with horror. The sword trembled for a moment in his nerveless hand, and then with a horse whisper of "My God, I can't do it!" he let it fall to the ground, tottered to chair. He was an old man and his nerve had given way. He dare not risk the result of his blow should he fail to cut down the serpent. When the sword fell I could feel a slight vibration on my shoulder, and I closed my eyes as my shoulder was a snake pat and the sharp stinging thrust of the

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