

## Our Young People

### Two Young Red-Heads.

They Were Captured in Their Nest in the Woods—Did Not Take Kindly to Their New Guardian.

(By Leander S. Keyser.)

One bright morning in June, a 12-year-old lad and myself hied across the green fields for an all-day ramble. We had two objects in view—one to observe the birds in general, and the other to secure, if possible, a pair of young red-headed woodpeckers. For a month or more I had been looking for a red-head's nest which was not so high in the trees but that I could climb up to it; thus far my quest had failed, and I began to fear that my long-cherished plan to try to rear a pair of these birds, in order to watch their development from nestlings to adults, was destined to disappointment.

We trudged on for a mile or so through a tract of woodland, and then along a railway, until we reached a green meadow, near the center of which stood a large dead tree. The trunk had been broken off about 30 feet from the ground.

"Suppose we go over and examine that tree," said I. "There might be a red-head's nest in it. Last summer I saw several red-heads feeding in this meadow."

As we crossed the meadow a red-head flew from the rail fence to the dead tree, causing my pulses to flutter with hope. We tarried a moment, and, sure enough, the bird hopped up to a hole, and thrust in her head, as if to feed her young. This she repeated a half dozen times while we watched, so that no doubt remained about there being young birds in the nest. The only question was, could I climb the tree?

Emptying our lunch-bag, I strapped it around my shoulders, and then began to scale the tree with much fear and trembling, for I do not profess to be a brave or dexterous climber. By dint of heroic effort—heroic for me—I at length reached the hole and glanced down into the deep cavity. Yes, there were five young birds cuddling down cozily in the bottom of the nest.

With my pocket-knife I easily cut the entrance larger, so that I could insert my hand, and then drew out a youngster and excitedly thrust it into my lunch-bag. Then I secured another, and deposited it in the bag with its fellow. But hold! its fellow was not there! Where could it have gone? Glancing about, I espied it clinging to the hole of the tree a little below me in genuine woodpecker fashion, and looking at me with a wild, frightened air. It required only a moment to get it back into the bag, which I buckled securely, so that my precious prizes should not escape while I climbed down to the ground.

Once there, I lifted the lid of the bag and turned it slightly to one side to show my young companion, when, to my surprise, the first nestling I had secured was again missing.

I was just on the point of climbing the tree again to secure the little fugitive, or, failing in that, to kidnap one of the youngsters still left in the nest, when I caught sight of the missing bird on a small dead limb lying on the ground near a large log. How it had contrived to make its escape from the bag without being noticed I do not know.

It will be convenient hereafter to call these by the names of Number One and Number Two, the only christening I ever gave them. You may wonder why I selected these two young ones especially from the little family. This is the reason: When I took Number One from the cavity I noticed that its head and neck were entirely black, or, rather, they were indistinctly mottled with grayish and blackish, which I had always supposed to be the color of these parts of all young red-headed woodpeckers. But, greatly to my wonder and delight, as I drew Number Two from the hole, I noticed that it had red markings above and below each eye and a narrow, obscure line of red around the nape. Evidently, Number One was a female and Number Two a male, and a pair were precisely what I desired.

Carrying them home, I placed Number Two on a low perch, when he bent his tail inward like a crab, and swung clear around beneath the perch, where he clung back downward with his stout little claws, and in this position I contrived to feed him.

When I placed the quaint birdlings on the floor, Number One slid backward across the carpet in the most comical way, while her mate ambled both backward and forward as best suited his whim. Indeed, odd as it may seem, Number One did not try to move forward at all for a day or two when placed on the floor, but invariably hunched backward.

By slightly pressing the somewhat sensitive corners of the mouths of young birds, you can, as a rule, easily make them open their beaks, so that you may feed them. I found that young flickers could be readily forced to open their bills in this way, but it was different with my obstinate red-heads, which would press their beaks together with surprising strength and persistency, so that it required no little

effort to force them apart. Besides, they would peck and pinch my fingers so viciously at first that I really hesitated to feed them, especially as I had been told that their bite was poisonous—a popular impression, however, which I am convinced is not true.

My little charges had a curious habit of pressing their heads close to the floor, sometimes sidewise, like bashful children, though I suppose they did this because they were afraid.

Their way of backing whenever I tried to feed them was annoying, and I was obliged to hold them against an object to prevent it. They spent the first night in a small berry-box, in which I had made them a soft nest of grass.

There was a marked difference in the disposition of my odd pets. Number One was more advanced, scrambling out of the box even on the first day and venturing to reconnoiter, thrusting out her tongue, which was tipped with black, at various objects, as if to "sample" them to see if they were palatable. She was also wilder and more ill-grained than her mate, which remained in the box all day, bashfully pressing his head sidewise against the grass that covered the bottom. I noticed, too, that he was more easily fed than Number One.

Both birds had remarkably strong claws. On the second day Number One clung to the ends of two of my fingers, hanging there back downward, even when I swung her to and fro.

She also pounded on the side of the cage in a decidedly woodpecker-like way, so that she could not have deceived anyone as to her forebears. Toward evening, on my return to my study after an hour's absence, I found both of them clinging to the sapling-limb I had placed in an oblique position in the cage, but as soon as they saw me one of them dropped to the floor as if shot, while the other swung around to the lower side of the branch, where it clung until I removed it to give it its supper.

By this time Number Two began to eat much more readily, and seemed to be decidedly good-natured, but his companion was almost as wild and savage as ever. The night was spent in their box. The next morning they were still shy, and had to be forced to eat, although they did not make a very stout resistance.

Both of them climbed about a good deal during the day, often scrambling into the feed-boxes or to the top of their sapling-branch, while the rest of the time was spent either in hitching about on the floor or squatting close to it, with their heads pressed down as flat as possible, usually sidewise.

They thrust out their tongues and touched various objects to test their edible qualities. However, their tongues were not nearly as long or frightful looking as those of two other flickers in an adjoining cage in the room. At almost every movement I made they would cuddle close to the floor and hitch backward a few inches in a nervous way.

Indeed, they displayed so little docility that I began to despair of ever taming them. Still, a little progress was made, or they had ceased entirely to peck me when I handled them, and would eat readily enough if I used coercion in opening their mouths.

Number One rose on her feet and flapped her wings vigorously, as if for exercise, and also picked her feathers very frequently, to rid them of the scaly substance that adhered to them. She also scratched the corner of her mouth with one of her feet, and once she pecked her mate quite sharply, and apparently in anger.

A low chirp when I fed them and a loud call at long intervals were all the sounds they uttered, differing in this respect from my pet flickers, which were quite noisy.

In what position do you suppose a woodpecker roosts? To be able to answer this question was one of the main reasons why I was making my present experiment, and I am glad to say that Number One solved the enigma on the following night. Instead of roosting in the box, as before, or on a horizontal perch, as most birds do, she held herself in an upright position against the almost perpendicular sapling branch, laying her head daintily in the tuft of feathers on her back, and sleeping as comfortably as you would sleep on the softest couch.

Of course, I cannot assert that woodpeckers always sleep in that posture, but I do know that one of my red-heads took her rest in that way for two nights in succession, and that both of my flickers did likewise for five or six nights. More than that, they refused to roost in any other position after they had once slept on a vertical perch.

I kept the red-heads from Monday morning until Friday afternoon, when I decided to take them out to their native heath and give them their freedom.

They did not seem to be happy with me, nor would they learn to take food of their own accord, and so I felt that it would be cruel to keep them longer in confinement.

When I reached the meadow, I drew Number One out of the bag, but had no sooner done so than she darted away and flew to a tree at least 20 yards distant—quite an aerial feat for a bird that had never really used her wings before for flying purposes.

Number Two I placed on the shaggy pole of the dead tree in which he had been hatched, and there he clung without attempting to fly away.

By this time the old birds were dashing about the tree, and calling as

if they recognized their kidnapped nestlings. Finding a place at some distance, where I was partly concealed, I watched the movements of the young birds and their parents for an hour and a half.

It was not long before Number One uttered the well-known red-headed woodpecker call "Kt-r-l-kt-r-r" and received food from her mother. Number Two sat where I had placed him a long time, occasionally preening his feathers and stretching his wings. Finally, however, he went hitching up the tree-trunk until he reached an oblique branch, along the top of which he ambled for a yard or so.

Presently an old bird flew near him, when the little rascal, which had refused for almost five days to take a morsel of food from me without compulsion, uttered a glad, eager cry, darted forward and opened his mouth for the tidbit his scarlet-headed parent had brought him.

During that five days' absence he had not forgotten his mamma and papa, nor had they forgotten him. He was not so stupid as I had supposed; indeed, I then and there concluded that he had been intelligent enough to know all the while that I was not his proper guardian.

Five times in close succession the parent bird fed his restored offspring, and then, his maw being full, the youngster cuddled down on the limb for a sound nap in the fresh air of the great, well-ventilated out-doors, and I felt glad and conscience free that the little dear—for I will call him that in spite of his obstinacy—was none the worse for the experiment I had made with him.

The conduct of these birds was a surprise to me, at least, in one respect. Why they should be so refractory and difficult to tame was with me a puzzling question, especially when it is remembered that the red-heads are among our most familiar birds in the wild state, coming to the house, drumming on the roof and gathering food on the trees in the yard; whereas, meadow larks, red-winged blackbirds, cow buntings, wood thrushes and even flickers are quite easy to rear when taken young, although naturally as shy as the red-heads, if not more wary.

I think, therefore, that it would not be wise for any of my readers to try the experiment which I have tried, as these birds are unhappy in confinement, but very jolly out of doors.—Golden Days.

### Curious Defects of Memory.

It would afford material for an entire paper to study defects of memory and to describe some of the curiosities of thinking which result from such defects. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says that he saw lately a business man of keen mind and good general memory, who was not paralyzed in any way, and was perfectly able to understand and to talk, but who had suddenly lost a part of his power of reading and of mathematical calculation.

The letters d, g, q, x and y, though seen perfectly, were no longer recognized, and conveyed no more idea to him than Chinese characters would to us. He had great difficulty in reading—had to spell out all words, and could not read words containing three letters.

He could write the letters which he could read, but could not write the five letters mentioned. He could read and write some numbers, but 6, 7 and 8 had been lost to him; and when asked to write them his only result, after many attempts, was to begin to write the words six, seven or eight, not being able to finish these, as the first and last contained letters (x and g) which he did not know.

He could not add 7 and 5 together, or any two numbers of which 6, 7 or 8 formed a part, for he could not call them to his mind. Other numbers he knew well. He could no longer tell time by the watch.

For a week after the onset of the disease he did not recognize his surroundings. On going out for the first time the streets of the city no longer seemed familiar; on coming back he did not know his own house. After a few weeks, however, all his memories had returned excepting those of the letters and figures named; but as the loss of these put a stop to his reading and to all his business life, the small defect of memory was to him a serious thing.

Experience has shown that such a defect is due to a small area of disease in one part of the brain. Such cases are not uncommon, and illustrate the separateness of our various memories and their dependence upon a sound brain.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Extract from an essay written by Willie Jimkins: "Man has two hands, one is the right hand and one is the left hand, the right hand is for righting the left hand is for lefting. Both hands to onse is fur stumck ake."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

## With The Poets.

### The Workman.

Sweet rest from toil, by toil made sweet!  
The hearth-fire burns, the hands lie free,  
The child sits perched upon my knee,  
And puss purrs softly at my feet.

A little heaven of wife and child!  
A book, perchance, some good man wrote;  
A song that swells the wife's white throat;  
A prayer from child-lips undefiled.

What if my hand be hard? 'Tis true  
I scarce can feel fine strings of art;  
But the great chords of life and heart,—  
These, brothers, are for me and you.

God made us many; God is wise.  
And so I toil, and take my rest,  
And love, and do my manhood's best,  
And face the world with level eyes.

—[James Buckham.]

### The Minstrel's Song.

O sing unto my roundelay;  
O drop the briny tear with me;  
Dance no more at holiday;  
Like a running river be;  
My love is dead.

Gone to his deathbed,  
All under the willow-tree.  
Black his hair as the winter night,  
White his neck as summer snow,  
Ruddy his face as the morning light,  
Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,  
Gone to his deathbed,  
All under the willow-tree.  
Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,  
Quick in dance as thought can be;  
Dett his tabor, cudgel stout;  
Oh, he lies by the willow-tree.

My love is dead,  
Gone to his deathbed,  
All under the willow-tree.  
Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
In the brier'd dell below;  
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares as they go.

My love is dead,  
Gone to his deathbed,  
All under the willow-tree.  
See the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true love's shroud;  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud.

My love is dead,  
Gone to his deathbed,  
All under the willow-tree.  
—[Thomas Chatterton.]

### He Died For Us.

We were playing on the green together,  
My sweetheart and I—  
Oh! so heedless in the gay June weather,  
When the word went forth that we must die.

Oh! so merrily the ball of amber  
And of ivory tossed we to the sky,  
While the word went forth in the king's chamber  
That we both must die.

Oh! so idly, straying through the pleasure-  
saunce,  
Plucked we here and there  
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence  
The king's son was casting from his hair

Glory of the wreathen gold that crown-  
ed it,  
And ungirding all his garment fair,  
Flinging by the jeweled clasp that bound it,  
With his feet made bare.

Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,  
Ashes on his head,  
Came he, through the rose and citron alleys  
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,  
And a hempen halter—oh! we jested  
Lightly, and we laughed as he was led

To the torture, while the bloom we  
breasted  
Where the grapes grew red.  
Oh! so sweet the birds, when he was dying,  
Piped to her and me—  
Is no room this glad June day for sighing—  
He is dead, and she and I go free!

When the sun shall set on all our pleasure  
We will mourn him—What, so you decree  
We are heartless—Nay, but in what measure  
Do you more than we?

—May Probyn in Little's Living Age.

### De Profundis.

Because the world is very stern;  
Because the work is very long;  
Because the foes are very strong,  
Watever side I turn:

Because my courage ebbs away;  
Because my spirit's eyes are dim;  
Because with failures to the brim  
My cup fills day by day:

Because forbidden ways invite;  
Because the smile of sin is sweet;  
Because so readily run my feet  
Toward paths that close in night:

Because God's face I long to see;  
Because God's image stamps me yet;  
Oh! by Thy Passion, Christ, forget  
Me not, who fly to Thee!

—Selwyn Image.

## The World's Roof.

Journeying in the Land of Thibet—  
The Remarkable Country Which  
Was Opened to the Outside  
Travelers the Other  
Day.

The triumph of Stanley in piercing the heart of Darkest Africa has been almost equaled by the remarkable achievement of two Russian explorers, MM. Menkhoudjinnoff and Oulanoff, who have just arrived at Shanghai after a journey of two years and nine months through Thibet, in the course of which they penetrated to the capital Lassa and actually had an interview with the great Dalai Lama himself. The wonderfulness of this feat can only be appreciated in the light of the knowledge that no European has ever before entered Lassa within the memory of the living world. Not since 1811 has even the slightest news of that mysterious city been brought to the ears of civilization, save in the single vague report of an anonymous Indian pundit. The few explorers who have dared the perils of the wild and snowy changes, the lofty plateaus, the robber Dokpas or dwellers in black tents, the Chinese guards and the Thibetan soldiery, have only succeeded in struggling through dreary miles of deserts and along monsoon-swept marshes, and have returned with only half-glimpsed descriptions of the innumerable monasteries, the prayer-mills or rattles and the buttered tea of this unique and most unknown country.

As a rule, the authorities of Lassa sally forth in state to meet the intruders at some days' march from the capital. They are most courteous and polite, and are willing to spend days discussing the matter. For seven weeks they talked with Bonvalot about his proposed visit to Lassa. Every pro and con was argued, and on the last day they told him they could not conceive that his expedition had anything else in view than the ultimate conquest of Thibet. They bade him farewell with the greatest friendliness, and supplied him with food and yaks to help him to go anywhere away from Lassa. When the brave Englishwoman, Miss Taylor, approached within three days of the city last year, the Lassa Chiefs found her robbed and destitute, and gave her the supplies she needed to carry her many miles on her journey.

This impregnable Lassa is the dwelling-place of the Dalai Lama, the chief priest of Thibet and Mongolia. This religious pretender is worshipped as the earthly incarnation of Buddha. Incense is burned to him before a gigantic idol of the god of Jamba, a monstrous image of clay and gilt with jeweled head, which sits enthroned in the great white palace of the Potala. Lamaism is a hybrid Buddhism, just as Mohammedanism is a hybrid Christianity. The utter exclusion of all foreigners from this strange land has been and is undoubtedly due to the fear of the Thibetan hierarchy of priests that this absurd imposition of their red and yellow religion, which has completely enslaved the Thibetans, might be speedily overthrown by the Christian "devils"; they are afraid the wealth of the monasteries would be revealed. At present the priests own Thibet as absolutely as though they hold the fee-simple to every foot of its ground. The Chinese Empire holds a nominal temporal sway, but dares not—if it would—disturb the Dalai Lama and his army of priests.

The Pekin government hates Russia so heartily that it has reinforced the Thibetan soldiers with Chinese guards in order to keep the Russians out. The famous Russian explorer, Colonel Prejevalsky, who has spent more years in Thibet than any other adventurous discoverer, has found himself beset with difficulties and dangers at every hand. China would not allow him even to descend the Hoang-Ho or the Yantse-Kiang. Once having with the Cossacks safely traversed the heated, moistureless plains to a spot only 175 miles from Lassa, he was led by a false guide away from the city to the Blue River, and lost forever his golden opportunity. After this close shave from Russia, China felt willing in 1886 to usher England into the Thibetan capital. She greatly preferred India to Russia as a tradesman. Letters to the Amban at Lassa were given to a British and political and commercial expedition, but just as the elaborate caravan with costly gifts for the Dalai Lama was about to set out for Darjeeling, Lassa rose in an uproar, the Thibetan soldiery seized the British road, and China was obliged to recall its pledge. Captain Gill, the Polish Count Szechenyi, and only lately Captain Hamilton Bower and Dr. Thorold, have lived for weeks on the 18,000 and 20,000 foot-high plateaus north of Lassa. But these two brave Russians are the first ever to have gazed upon and entered that city hitherto as inaccessible as the North Pole itself. As Lama pilgrims they have knelt before the Dalai Lama himself. The world will breathlessly await the tales, strange as the marvels of Marco Polo, Sinbad and Gulliver, that they must have to tell of the shining Potala, the Bridge of Tiles, Scorpion Lake, the Starry Plains, and all the spectacles of this dark kingdom, known as "The Roof of the World."—[Philadelphia Record.]

The eye is not sensitive to cold because it is so well supplied with blood vessels.

## A Smile And a Laugh.

"My doll is very sick," said Polly mournfully.  
"Yes," said Jennie; "she looks very waxy. You ought to have her waxinated."

"I've bought a bulldog," said Par, sniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"  
"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'teeth inserted here!'" suggested Lessup.

Newsboy—Paper, sir?  
Solemn looking citizen—My dear boy, I would like to oblige you, but I can't read.

Newsboy—Yes, sir. Want a shine? Dem feet's wuth spendin' a nickel on if the head ain't.

Man on horseback—Hallot old man; given up riding?  
Man on foot—Well, the fact is, my doctor says that I am getting too fat, and advises me to take short quick runs during the day. But I want some object to run for.

Man on horseback—By a straw hat.  
Mother—Freddie, are you a good boy at school?  
Freddie—Yes, ma.

Mother—What makes you think so?  
Freddie—Cause I hain't wished yet anything awful would happen to the teacher.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "our teacher stopped in the music lesson and asked us how many turnips in a bushel." Mamma could not think what the child meant, until she asked the teacher next day, who stood puzzled for a moment, then, laughing heartily, said that the question had been, "How many beats in a measure?"

Hostess (who has made unusual preparations for a fine dinner)—I tell John that if he will bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have.  
Guest (wishing to put her at ease)—Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluffer! I'm an old traveler—used to roughing it now and then, you know.

"The growth of a few tiny rootlets," observed the teacher of the botany class, "has been shown to lift a heavy rock from its place, and the root of a tree growing out under a stone sidewalk will sometimes push it and break it. Other cases of a like nature showing the strength of vegetable growth have occurred, I doubt not, within your own observation. Is it not so?"

"Yes'm," said the boy with the faded hair; "I've heard my paw say his last year's corn crop lifted a mortgage off his farm."

A certain schoolmaster occasionally compares the achievements of his pupils with the work of noted men in their boyhood days, much to the scholars' disadvantage.  
"Now, John, have you solved the problem?" asked the teacher the other day.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "I can't."

"How old are you, John?"  
"Sixteen," was the answer.  
"Sixteen!" repeated the instructor. "Sixteen and can't solve a simple problem like that! Why, sir, at your age George Washington was surveying the estate of Lord Fairfax."

The pupil looked thoughtful, but made no reply.  
After the class was dismissed a classmate inquired of him if Washington ever did anything else remarkable when he was 16.

"I don't know," responded the boy. "He was a surveyor when he was as old as I am, and when he was as old as our teacher he was President of the United States."

### Examining a Witness.

The examination of witnesses is an art, but one in which many lawyers fail because they do not put their questions in words which the common man understands. An able member of the Essex (Mass.) bar, Mr. S. B. Ives, was noted for his severity in the examination of witnesses; but he often failed to bring out the appropriate answer, because he did not put himself on the same verbal plane with his witness. Mr. Willard tells, in his "Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers," of an amusing encounter between Ives and a witness:

"Did you speak jocosely?" asked Ives.

"I don't know him," answered the witness.

Ives, not comprehending, repeated the question, with increased severity of manner: "Did you speak jocosely?"

"I tell you," said the witness, angrily, "I don't know Joe Cosely."

An English judge, at the trial of an action for the price of oats, which had been returned as not according to sample, asked a witness, "On what ground did the defendant refuse to accept the oats?"

"In the back yard, your honor."

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.